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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Granite Freeman.

WASHINGTON'S RUNAWAY SLAVE.

There is now living, in the borders of the town of Greenland, New Hampshire, *a runaway slave of* GEN. WASHINGTON, *at present supported by the county of Rockingham.* Her name, at the time of her elopement, was ONA MARIA JUDGE. She is not able to give the year of her escape, but says she came from Philadelphia, just after the close of Washington's second term of the Presidency, which must fix it somewhere in the first part of the year 1797. Being a waiting-maid of Mrs. Washington, she was not exposed to any peculiar hardships. If asked why she did not remain in his service, she gives two reasons, first, she wanted to be *free;* secondly, that she understood that after the decease of her master and mistress, she was to become the property of a granddaughter of theirs, by the name of Custis, and that she was determined never to be *her* slave.

She came on board a ship commanded by Captain John Bolles, and bound to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In relating it, she added, "I never told his name till after he died, a few years since, lest they should punish him for bringing me away." Had she disclosed it, he might have shared the fate of Jonathan Walker, in our own day.

Some time after her arrival at Portsmouth, she married a colored sailor, by the name of Staines, and had a family of several children, but they, together with her husband, have all been dead for several years.

Washington made two attempts to recover her. First, he sent a man by the name of Bassett to *persuade* her to return; but she resisted all the arguments he employed for this end. He told her that they would set her free when she arrived at Mount Vernon, to which she replied, "I am free now, and choose to remain so."

Finding all attempts to seduce her to slavery again in this manner useless, Bassett was sent once more by Washington, with orders to bring her and *her infant child by force.* The messenger, being acquainted with Gov. Langdon, then of Portsmouth, took up lodgings with him, and disclosed to him the object of his mission. The good old Governor, (to his honor be it spoken,) must have possessed something of the spirit of modern Anti-Slavery. He entertained Bassett very handsomely, and in the mean time sent word to Mrs. Staines to leave town before twelve o'clock at night, which she did, retired to a place of concealment, and escaped the clutches of the oppressor. Shortly after this, Washington died, and, said she she, "they never troubled me any more after he was gone."

Being asked how she escaped, she replied substantially, as follows: "Whilst they were packing up to go to Virginia, I was packing to go, I did n't know where; for I knew that if I went back to Virginia, I never should get my liberty. I had friends among the colored people of Philadelphia, had my things carried there before hand, and left while they were eating dinner."

Mrs. Staines does not know her age, but is probably not far from eighty. She is a light mulatto, so light that she might easily pass for a white woman, small of stature, and, although disabled by two successive attacks of palsy, remarkably erect and elegant in her form.

The facts here related, are known through this region, and may be relied on as substantially correct. Probably they were not for years given to the public, for fear of her recapture; but this reason no longer exists, since she is too old and infirm to be of sufficient value to repay the expense of search.

Though a house servant, she had no education, nor any valuable religious instruction; says she never heard Washington pray, and does not believe he was accustomed to. "Mrs. Washington used to *read* prayers, but I don't call that praying." Since her escape she has learned to read, trusts she has been made "wise unto salvation," and is, I think, connected with a church in Portsmouth.

When asked if she is not sorry she left Washington, as she has labored so much harder since than before, her reply is, "No, I am free, and have, I trust, been made a child of God by the means."

Never shall I forget the fire that kindled in her age-dimmed eye, or the smile that played upon her withered countenance, as I spake of that Redeemer, in whom there is neither "bond nor free," who loves his people to the end, and as I bowed with her at the mercy seat and commended her to Him "who heareth prayer," and who regards "the poor and needy when they cry," I felt that were it mine to choose, I would not exchange her possessions, "rich in faith," sustained, while tottering over the grave, by "a hope of immortality," for all the glory and renown of him whose slave she was. T. H. A.

STRATHAM, May, 1845.

The editor of the Barre Gazette, having recently visited the Old Dominion, writes as follows:

A man who undertakes to "farm it" in Virginia goes to work in this wise. He gets, by inheritance or otherwise, a thousand acres of land, with a large house on it. He gets a hundred negroes, with huts enough for them to live in. I believe the average number of *working* persons in a hundred slaves is about thirty. The rest are incapable, or are occupied in personal services for master or mistress. The hundred, however, are to be supported; and thirty lazy, careless, witless slaves, are to do the labor of it. The master hires an overseer for a good round price, who sees that the lazy "nigger" works, while he sits on the fence whittling or whistling, or both. You can figure out for yourself the proportion of labor to be extracted from these animals, compared with what may be got out of a white laboring man—a northern "hireling."

A negro—probably a woman—holds a thing called a plough, (about as serviceable as the two wooden sticks with which Little Prince makes a furrow to plant his inyun" seed in,) which is drawn by a jackass over the field. It goes just deep enough to make a track, and answers the purpose of ploughing a very little better than a four years' old boy would effect by riding an iron rake a-straddle over the ground. The slaves then use a hoe which Underwood's were never patterned after, but out of which a dozen "K. U's" might be made, and with it they manage to get a small quantity of seed under cover of the dirt. Manure is a thing which the land never saw, and which the farmer would laugh or "snuff" at the idea of putting on to it.

The harvest comes, and perhaps there is grain enough to keep the thirty slaves for labor, and the seventy for incumbrance, the jackasses for draught, and the blood horses for the saddle, all in provender. The expenses of the family are rarely met, and perchance ere long the farm is mortgaged to keep up the style of a Virginian planter, whose pride scorns labor and improvements in husbandry.

Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Observer.

THE MARLBORO' CHAPEL GATHERING.

LETTERS FROM AND ABOUT BOSTON.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, ladie," said he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for and hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."
"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot than you: Though nowe too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace,
Yet wisedom warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stop the stepps, ergforced to retrate.
This is the Wandering Wood, this *Errour's Den,*
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware,"—"Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearfull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."
But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in.——

[*Spenser's Faerie Queene.*

Never, never was I so firmly sure that *Anti*-Slavery is a righteous cause, dear to God, and destined to triumph, as when I saw this cause dishonored and defiled by the men who call themselves Abolitionists, and haunt the Marlboro' Chapel with their rampant madness, folly, and slander. The time was, when every man north of Mason and Dixon's line was an *Abolitionist*, that is to say, an earnest wisher for the emancipation of the slaves of the South. And, in my soul, I believe, that had it not been for Garrison, Green, Goodale, Smith, Leavitt, and their associates, the knell of Slavery before this hour would have tolled over the sunny plains of the South, and the song of ransomed thousands would have rung through the arch of heaven, in the ears of a rejoicing universe.

But why did I feel that the *cause* must be a good one when I saw it in such hands? For this one very good reason. Had it not been a good cause, it would have gone to perdition with ten thousand mill-stones around its neck, long, long ago; such a miserable set of friends has it been cursed with. And if any one has a lingering doubt of this fact, let him attend one Garrison meeting, where he, and Foster, and Abby Kelley, and McClure, &c. &c. hold forth, and all doubt will give place to wonder that God should ever suffer a good work to fall into such horrid hands.

I had read the reports of the mongrel meetings at Boston, in years past, and had supposed them caricatures by unfriendly hands. But Hogarth could not ridicule the Convention which I had the amusement of attending, and how shall I, without the tithe of a master's skill in sketching, give my readers a picture of that meeting. The fact is, you ought to *see* the men and the women, to appreciate it. If there is any truth in physiognomy, they are a hard set. Wendell Phillips, and *one* young lady, were the only good-looking ones on the platform, and I suppose the individuals thus elevated were the *elite* of the party.

Primus inter pares is Garrison; a fallen spirit, once a man of power, of poetry, of humanity; the same sin that damned an army of angels has been his ruin. He moves now among his confederates, powerless, even for evil, chafing under the mortification of blighted hopes, and evidently despairing of gaining his lost throne. Five years ago he seemed to have all the elements of a great leader in a good cause. I saw him in New-York at the great meeting where the American Anti-Slavery Society was rent in twain by the measures which *he* drove on. The main question was, the *rights of women.* Garrison would have the women to speak in meeting; Leavitt and Tappan were opposed. The annual meeting was to be in New-York, where Garrison's friends were few, and his enemies swarmed: but there were steamboats and stages, and New England had hundreds whom Garrison rallied to the city for the great battle. The day arrived. The church was crowded before the hour, and when Abby Kelley was nominated as an officer of the meeting, the storm began. Hundreds of voices mingled confusedly, some hissing, some applauding, and some vainly striving to be heard. Garrison rose on one of the seats in front of the pulpit, stretched out his hand, and the waves were stilled. He told them that the hour had come to test the great question which had divided the Society, and as it was vital with them, he exhorted his friends to stand firm. He then poured out a stream of burning invective against those who had opposed him, till Tappan, who was standing near me, turned all colors but red, (he never blushes,) and trembled as an aspen. Leavitt, cool and sharp as vinegar, kept on writing as though he had lost his hearing. Tappan, and Dennison, and Leavitt, replied to Garrison, but the edict of the dictator had gone forth, and resistance was vain. The Garrison party triumphed, and the Leavitt faction withdrew. Since that the two parties have fought each other from separate camps. The old Society has made open war upon the Church of Christ; the new Society has done more mischief in the Church by its secret machinery, than the old by its open war. Then the staff of accomplishment passed out of the hands of Garrison; he has since been at the head of a little clique, but has lost all power except the indomitable will. The Convention which I have just attended at Boston, was got up under his auspices, and the platform declared to be free for all. It was occupied by anybody and everybody who chose to give the hearers the wisdom that was in him.

Wendell Phillips was one of the chief speakers. He is a gentleman in address and education, a speckled bird in the party to which he belongs, and the only man for whom you feel any sympathy as you look on the meeting. He has fine talents, is a good speaker, and in extemporaneous harangue, is as polished and powerful as almost any man whom I have heard.

Clapp was another Mercury. He has a sad, hangdog look about him; but nature may have belied him, and in spite of his long beard, sunken eyes, and malignant face, he may be a decent man. But the speeches I heard from him only made me more apprehensive that he carries his heart in his face.

Foster was often up. He has won a wide notoriety for going into churches to make speeches during divine service, and has been thrust into jail for such displays of his eloquence. This is his capital. He is a cadaverous-looking, tall, thin man, nervous, irritable, and impatient of restraint. Such a man gives spice to a meeting.

Rogers, of New Hampshire, has more genius than any two of them. He was once a lawyer, in lucrative business, but has abandoned his profession and turned reformer. An ally of Garrison, he was, at the outset of his career, and burnt incense to him, but feeling his own power he could not brook the insolence of the dictator, and so threw him off. The two men are now abusing one another, to the amazement of their followers and the amusement of their enemies. Rogers has a large gray head, with a strongly marked visage, indicating strength of purpose and passion, but a smile of good nature often lights up his features, as if he were not quite as unamiable a man as first appearance would intimate. He is a thorough Non-Resistant, and so consistent that he has abolished *family* government, leaving human nature to work out its own results without any help from him.

I have mentioned a few, and but a few, of the prominent members of the Convention. There were many others whom I did not know, and hope I never shall, men whom I should be loth to meet alone in the dark, if their looks are not the worst of them. Now, I am very willing to admit that it is no objection to a set of men that they are not well-favored, but I think no observing man could enter Marlboro' Chapel while this meeting was under way, without being *struck* with the curious configurations before him. I have no faith in phrenology, but physiognomy is quite another affair.

The first day of the Convention, and part of the next, was spent in denunciations of the Church and the ministers of the Gospel. If I should, in speaking of these speakers, call them liars, and hypocrites, and villains, I should use terms quite as refined and appropriate as those which they applied indiscriminately to the clergy of New England, Appropriate! Why, if it be appropriate to call a man a liar who stands up publicly and utters what he knows to be untrue, and glories in his avowals, who retails slanders oftimes refuted, and which may be disproved at any time, then it would be appropriate to call this Convention a "Society of Liars and Slanderers." But that would be degrading one's self to their low level, and I shall not be an imitator of their bad example.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Springfield, an excellent man, President of the Massachusetts Abolition Society, stood up and repelled the slanders which these men were heaping on the heads of the clergy, and you may be sure the words of truth and soberness sounded strangely in such a place. But his words were in plain defiance of that command of the Saviour, "Cast not your pearls before swine," and he found it so, for they trampled them under their feet, and turned again to rend him. At another time, Gov. Pinney, formerly of Liberia, attempted to pour a little truth into the ocean of falsehood, whose waves were dashing around him, and he was flatly told that "he was a genuine devil, and his scheme the very spawn of hell." Such are the arguments by which these reformers expect to convince the people of the Southern States of their duty to abolish Slavery!

On the second day of the session, N. P. Rogers introduced a series of resolutions that raised an unexpected breeze. One of them was in these words:

Resolved, That all speech should be free and unrestrained—that meetings should be free and unregulated by officers or majorities; and that the press should be uncontrolled of all censorship, whether by "Boards" or corporate majorities; and that any measures to regulate speech or the press, grounded on the opinion that individual freedom cannot "safely be tolerated," are tyrannous in their nature, and subversive of the Anti-Slavery movement.

This struck at all organization and association, and was a virtual dissolution of the Convention itself. Phillips moved the reference of the resolutions to the business committee. This was stoutly opposed. Clapp took the floor and spoke against the tyranny of majorities; he was not speaking there because the majority wanted to hear him, but because he was a man, and had the rights of a man; and if a man had anything to say he had a right to say it, and that was what is meant by a *free* platform. He did n't want to be hampered with business committees, and all this machinery, but if a man had any business to propose, any resolutions to offer, or anything of that sort, let him stand up and propose it, and let the Convention act upon it if they please, or let it alone.

Wendell Phillips replied and denounced Clapp's doctrine in good set terms; it was the most detestable despotism ever attempted; according to that doctrine when we have hired a place of meeting to discuss Slavery, any man may come in here and offer resolutions and make speeches on temperance, non-resistance, or anything else he likes, and we must sit still and hear him because he is a man, and has the rights of a man.

Clapp replied, and said he did not mean to say that a man had a right to take up the time of the meeting without being appointed for that purpose, but that if any man came into that house, and had a *self-appointment to speak,* it was his right to be heard! And this luminous nonsense was uttered with as much gravity as if the man did not know what a fool he was making of himself. Foster opposed the reference of the resolutions, and Remond, a colored man, supported it, and finally a vote was taken, and the resolutions were committed. This was the end of them so far as I heard, and as appears in the official report of the Convention.

Afterwards other resolutions were proposed by the business committee for adoption, or to serve for texts to speakers who pursued the great object of the Convention, which was to blaspheme the religion of Christ, to eulogize Mahometanism and infidelity, or any other ism but that which has the Gospel for its source.

It is curious to see how some men squirm under the charge of *Infidelity.* They have no objection to calling themselves *Infidels,* and denouncing the Christianity of the times as worse than Infidelity. But when others call them by the right name, they fly into a dreadful passion as if they were persecuted and slandered. So with their abuse of truth. They are fond of denouncing other men as regardless of truth, but hold the mirror up to their own faces, and they are as indignant as a harlot whose virtue is called in question. They have *one truth* with which they started, viz: Slavery is an evil, and ought to be abolished. When I heard them speaking at the Convention, Pope's lines seemed to hit them exactly:

There at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way,
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent,
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie.

But the Marlboro' meeting went on for three days and three nights. It was in some respects the great attraction of the city. No wonder they have no theatres in Boston, if such a farce as this is offered often for the entertainment of the public. Strangers kept dropping in and out, attracted by the novelty of men and women, black and white, in one medley of debate, and as the door of discussion was open to all, the listeners began to be speakers, and not content with stamping and hissing, to express their opinions, they would, after the pattern of British audiences, utter their views in such laconic phrases as "Go it Jerry," "Hit 'em hard," "down with the clergy," &c. till on the evening that was to be the last, these expressions became so general and simultaneous, that it was very much after the manner of a mob, who all wish to be heard at the same time. At length some abominable fellow, having a disposition to introduce a little singing in the midst of so much speaking, struck up a song which I am told was common during the last election, and the multitude catching the spirit of the thing, burst into a full chorus of the words, "Heigh Oh, Boatman row;" and the singing and laughing were so prodigious that none of the many orators, though struggling with the load of undelivered speeches, were able to get a hearing for a moment. The long arm of Garrison was stretched in vain. The oily Phillips strove to soothe the waves, and for a moment seemed to succeed; but again the audience disgraced themselves by abusing the liberty of speech, which was never intended to allow them all to speak at once. Clapp's doctrine of self-appointment was unanimously adopted, and everybody seemed to have received a special commission to show his power of lungs; and the fit seizing so many at the same time, the confusion was confounded, till Babel was plain English to it. I was not in at this scene, but I understand that the disturbance was continued till all remonstrance and entreaties proved unavailing, and the gas lights were suddenly extinguished, making all of a color instantly, and reminding the people as they groped their way out, that if they would find light they must seek it elsewhere than in that abode of darkness.

Thus ended the New England Anti-Slavery Convention. It should be distinctly stated that it was got up by the Garrison party, and to them belongs its honor and shame. There are other Abolitionists, thousands of them, who have not a particle of sympathy with the infidelity, blasphemy, and slander, that distinguish this gathering. But in this remark I do not mean to pay any respect, for I do not feel any, for such men as Leavitt, of the Emancipator, a man so lost to all sense of shame as to write and print such stuff as the following:

"It aint for the want of logic, but cowskinning, that Dr. Fuller so abuses language. Let him *stand under* slavery a little while, and he would speedily *understand* it. We consider Dr. Wayland's Christian *blarney* quite thrown away. If the slaveholders could understand that *we mean* what we *say,* that would be *moral power* upon them, and that they never can understand until we give them a very certain expectation of *physical power.*"

And that no doubt may remain as to what physical power he would use, this reverend editor holds the following language:

"It is a little too late and too bad, to have ministers talking about *mild language,* when all humane men are seriously considering whether it is not their duty to push the pirates off from our plundered brethren with cold steel."

I have often heard it said that the Garrison party has a monopoly of abuse, but I prefer their spirit, and their measures, and their words, to those of Leavitt and his associates. There is a desperation of wickedness, a recklessness in malignity about the Emancipator men that leaves the non-resistant Liberator far in the rear.

But the men whom I except, and exonerate from all participation, direct or indirect, express or implied, in these infamous doctrines and threats of the Garrison or the Leavitt school, are *the pastors of New England.* Abolitionists they are to a man; they plead for the slave; they pray for the slave; and they would gladly suffer for the slave. There is in New England a feeling of opposition to Slavery so deep and strong, that as one man the mighty mass of virtue and talent here concentrated, would be moved by any practicable plan for emancipation, and rejoice to engage heartily in the glorious work. I regret that any of the pastors lend even the sanction of their names to either of the men whom I have mentioned as the leaders of the two parties of technical Abolitionists. Few of them do. These few are becoming fewer. And when the genuine, true-hearted philanthropy of the East and North can shake from its skirts the pollution contracted by such scenes as I have described, and by such newspapers as profess to represent, but basely misrepresent the Anti-Slavery of the North, then will the moral power of religion and humanity go forth to move on the hearts of the South: our brethren there will hear us and feel us; they will look calmly on the subject, and light and truth will achieve a work which falsehood and fanaticism have rendered all but hopeless.

In this letter, I have indulged in a freer strain of remark than may be pleasant to many of my readers; but the whole truth would require language bolder and harsher than any I have here employed. The fact is, we have been too charitable in our opinions of those eastern reformers. We have thought them well-meaning, but misguided men. I saw and heard enough to satisfy me that many of them are bad men, men who would sell their country for power, and glut themselves in the blood of their brethren. Their spirit is infernal. Had God given them abilities equal to their desires for evil, the peace of the nation would not be maintained an hour. The Jacobins of Paris were not more blood-thirsty than some of those "cold-steel," "cowskinning" Abolitionists, or "non-resistant"-" moral-suasionists."

But our God is on the throne. He will make man's wrath praise Him, and before him what are the ravings of Lloyd Garrison and Joshua Leavitt? He will take care of these restless spirits. Perhaps it will please him to convert them, notwithstanding all. IRENÆUS.

From the Boston Courier.

TO THE ELECT LADY.

A LETTER FROM PRESTER-JOHN.

The Elder to the Elect Lady wishes all joy and consolation.

I have lately been attending the anniversaries in Boston, and wish to give your ladyship an account of what I have seen and heard. I remember in former days the conspicuous part your ladyship used to take in all good things. At your house used to meet the Good Samaritan Society, the Cent Society, the Sewing Circle, the Jews Society, and twenty more, too numerous for me to recollect; and never shall I forget the little red trunk, in which your ladyship was accustomed to keep the records of your own benevolence. You were Secretary to them all, and I always regarded the reports you wrote as complete types and patterns of those times. Your ladyship has long since been bed-rid, but still you have not lost a particle of your interest in the celestial spirit which still, I hope, lingers on our terrestrial ball. Anniversary week presents scenes in our metropolis, on which angels might look down and bear the tidings to heaven on their golden wings, of an eloquence which rivals their own.

Your ladyship is not to form a conception of Anniversary week from what you were accustomed to see in the simple days of Dr. Griffin, when a few sober societies met, and everything was done with a decent activity. The interest has vastly increased; societies have multiplied; the style of speaking is altered, and the cause of benevolence, instead of being a single piece, is now a patchwork ring, in which all the colors of the rainbow meet with all the vivacity of the tempest. A stereotyped saint is now a very different thing from what he was in the days of your ladyship's glory. Your ladyship would hardly know where you were, should you enter some of our most popular meetings. Park street Church, it is true, still stands; orthodoxy still lives and breathes; the Foreign Mission Society still meets; the Common still looks green. But did you, madam, ever hear of the Marlboro' Chapel?—of Abolition and its two organizations?—of Moral Reform, Temperance, Ritchie Hall, Fourierism, Non-resistance, No-government, No-union, No-hanging, Atheism, Nothingism, and all the other isms, through whose endless divisions we are advancing to everlasting union and felicity? O, divine lady! how I wish you could be carried from your cot-bed, where you have suffered your rheumatism so long, on your old leathern chair, to see and behold the proofs that old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Your ladyship, unless you take your goggles with you, would scarcely be able to bear the advancing light.

You remember how we used to denounce the Unitarians in former times; it was thought a great thing then to say the man who denied the divinity of Christ is a heretic; but we were bunglers in the art of denunciation. Why, madam, I heard more said the other evening from some speakers, whose pale faces assured my believing heart that they must be first-rate saints, against our precious orthodox churches and clergy, than we ever dared to insinuate against the grossest heretics of former days. They ventured to say that our pure church was covered with blood; that she had dipped her hands in the red sea; her heart was rotten to the very core; that the pillars of oppression rested on her shoulders; her hands held the lash; she counted the groans and reaped the reward; her sacred clergy were a community of thieves, the advocates and the defenders of oppression, cruelty, adultery, murder, lust, and blood. Such a mass of corruption, not even Paganism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Atheism, the Curds of Africa, the Thugs of India, the banditti of Italy, could equal or approach. Their venom oozed out of every pore of their body, and tainted the very atmosphere as they walked along. Such was their dreadful influence, that it extended to the other end of our continent—supporting institutions which they had never seen, and riveting chains which were put on the bondmen by other hands than their own. This is what, in old times, your ladyship would have called high talking. I verily believe, if Dr. Griffin himself should arise from the grave, even his sacred character would hardly escape.

Your ladyship will wish to know whether these things can be true, and you will naturally inquire what strange degeneracy must have come over that church, which you and I once regarded as the chosen of the Lord. You will ask by what sudden perversion *the dove has lain among the pots, whose wings were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.* I must tell your ladyship, though with a heavy heart, what I suppose to be the truth. Assuming, then, some of the postulates which are now regarded as too obvious for proof, I suppose we must come to the melancholy conclusion, that Mr. Blagden, Mr. Adams, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Towne, and Mr. Kirk, Boston clergymen, have entered into a solemn league and covenant to serve the devil. Judging from the light I received at the Marlboro' Chapel, (though they blew out the lights sooner than I expected,) I suppose tons of silver and gold are received from Southern slaveholders every year by these moral monsters, to bribe them to a guilty silence. I say *tons of silver and gold,* because I suppose the shin-plasters of the southern banks would hardly do it. I fancy if you could go down into the cellars of these gentlemen, whose coats are not half so black as their hearts, you would see, two or three stories below the surface of the ground—down, down very far towards that hell that inspires their preaching, a dungeon, peopled with slaves; there they keep their money, and there they keep their slaves; and thither they go from the sacred desk and the sacramental table, to count the one and to lash the other. Their wickedness is very great, and their abilities as great as their wickedness; for hitherto they have been able to keep their crimes from their people, and indeed from all mankind, until recently detected by the eagle eyes in the Marlboro' Chapel.

O, divine lady! guilt in these days is a very different thing from what it was in yours. We used to believe in the imputation of Adam's sin; and even that was deemed a great absurdity by some desperate rationalists, who never found their Bible in their Catechism. But imputation is now a very common thing. The guilt of the drunkard is in him who sells the rum; and the guilt of Slavery all rests on the New England clergy. In these days, there is a dreadful metaphysical road to hell, and some of the best people are in danger of *going in thereat.*

These from the ELDER.

From the Christian World.

REMARKS OF Mr. BULFINCH, AT THE CLERICAL MEETING FOR THE DISCUSSION OF SLAVERY.

Mr. Bulfinch said that his position in regard to this subject might probably be misconceived, as it was known to many that he was an advocate of the Colonization cause, and the impression existed in many minds that there was an inconsistency between that enterprise and any other efforts for the good of the slave. But he acknowledged no such inconsistency. He was as firm a friend of colonization as he had ever been; and years since had expressed, not only in private, but in public, at the South, his own opinion adverse to the institution of Slavery. The question might be asked, why should ministers at the North be called on to express their sentiments on this subject? He would reply, first, because the discussion was not considered safe at the South. Ministers, opposed in feeling to Slavery, went to the South; and they were told that to preach upon the subject would endanger the peace of the community; they were restrained, therefore, by considerations of expediency, of courtesy, and of what to many appeared duty. So much the more should those speak, against whose action no such objection could be brought. In the second place, the clergy should speak their sentiments, because their silence is misunderstood. Some who oppose Slavery misunderstand it, and are thus induced to use reproachful language against the Church and its ministers; and this language, however unjust, does harm. Again, the silence of the clergy is misunderstood by the advocates of Slavery. He had met with the argument in books written to defend that institution, that it could not be contrary to Christianity, or the clergy would have expressed themselves against it. Arguments, too, were drawn from the Old Testament, from the fact that Abraham held slaves, from the curse pronounced on Ham, and the mark set on Cain. Would we sanction these arguments by our silence? Thirdly, the clergy ought to protest against Slavery, because there were evils in the system against which religion itself protested. He had been often asked what was the result of his observation on Slavery during his long residence at the South. He had always replied to the same effect, that his disapprobation of Slavery had been not at all diminished by what he had known of it, but that he conceived the evils of the system to be misunderstood at the North, rather than exaggerated. There was not in the treatment of the slaves, so much of external cruelty as was often supposed. Miss Martineau in her volume bore witness that the virtue of mercy was probably nowhere in no more constant exercise, than in the Southern States. But if there was less of cruelty than was alledged by some, the moral evils were on the other hand not appreciated. The chief of these, at least the one which had most forcibly impressed his own mind, was the want of security to the slave, for the dearest personal rights. Of the compulsory separation of husbands and wives, three instances had become known to him. One was in the case of a woman, a servant in the house where he had boarded. In another case, the facts were these. A friend of his was travelling in Virginia, and fell into conversation with the colored driver of the stage. This man told him, with tears running down his cheeks, that he had been married, and his wife and five children had been, without any warning, taken from him, and sold to a negro-trader, by whom they had been transported he knew not whither. After two years of solitude, he had married again; he could not bear the entire want of human sympathy. On whom did the sin rest, of this man's second marriage? should not we bear some portion of the guilt, in such cases, if we, Christian ministers, gave the sanction of our silence to a custom in direct opposition to the law of Christ and of God, "whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"? The speaker illustrated the immoral tendency of Slavery at some length, and by instances which had come under his own observation.

If, then, it be our duty to oppose this system, how shall it be done? He had, when thinking of this subject, been much struck with the beauty of the example set us by the Society of Friends. That denomination had in their own calm, peaceful manner, declared their opposition to Slavery. Their protest had met with respect. A Quaker would find a much more patient hearing at the South, than any one else who should presume to speak against Slavery. He wished to see the example of that denomination followed by our own. True, we had no assembly of men, who were authorized to speak for the denomination; but each could declare his own assent to a calm, Christian protest; and he was in hopes that such a one might be adopted, as should obtain the signature of nearly every minister, if not actually every one among us. To secure this object it was evident that the protest, or resolutions, must be expressed in somewhat general terms. Those who might desire something which would sanction any peculiar views of the measures to be employed against Slavery, would, he trusted, remember that for such they could not expect unanimity.

Mr. Bulfinch had prepared some resolutions, in conformity with the views above presented; which, however, after some discussion, were withdrawn, as not differing materially from other propositions before the meeting.

From the Morning Star. (Free Will Baptist.)

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

That portion of abolitionism which stranded in 1838, was in session at Marlboro' Chapel, yesterday, at ten o'clock, Mr. Garrison in the chair. Having cast off the "anti-corporation" party of N. P. Rogers, the organization took place quietly, and the forenoon passed off just as if the world had, like a clock, been turned back to 1836. The work of getting up Anti-Slavery steam was gone at, just as if the green logs were still to be kindled and the engine had not yet come from the foundry. Garrison gave a very wide and liberal invitation for TALK from all quarters. Where talk is the end of the law for righteousness, this is very appropriate. We heard a speech from a Mr. Clure, from Scotland, a man who gave us to understand he came from the laboring class. Another from Frederick Douglass, once of the enslaved class. In every point of view, the latter was a delightful contrast to the former. Douglass was cut out by nature for a D. D. of the highest order, and with all his disadvantages of birth and condition, would be a tough customer for the divines at their own weapons. We were pleased at a common sense remark which escaped him. He said the most efficient method of arousing the conscience of a slaveholding divine as Dr. Fuller, would be to give him twenty lashes on the bare back. He, as a non-resistant, would n't do it.

Douglass said all the slave asked of the North, was just to stand off, (disunion,) and not support the South. If Douglass were true to his brethren in chains, he would ask more. He would say, You have riveted our fetters, bring your sledge hammers your punches and files, and knock them off. We are sorry the stranded abolitionism holds such a soul as Douglass's back in 1836.

At Mr. Garrison's meetings, held every day in the Marlboro' Chapel, the chief aim from morn to night, seemed to be, as usual, to excite odium against the Church and ministry. I was rather sorry that one clergyman felt called upon to rise and speak in self-defence, though statements that had been made were so closely proved by him to be slanderous, that Mr. Garrison evidently felt uncomfortably, and for him, appeared unusually embarrassed. At this meeting the evils of Slavery are evidently lost sight of, and other ends engross their attentions. Elsewhere whenever the subject has come up, it has been spoken of in a manner showing an increasing abhorrence of the system of Slavery, with a sense of the guilt which it involves, or the danger it portends.—*Correspondence of the Christian Mirror, organ of the Maine Missionary Society.*

Selections.

From the Christian World.

DISCUSSION ON SLAVERY.

The last number of the Christian World contained some account of the meeting of ministers at Ritchie Hall, on Monday afternoon of Anniversary week, for a discussion of their *duties* touching Slavery in this country. Several subsequent meetings were held, of which I have seen no account. I propose therefore to give a brief sketch.

The meeting at Ritchie Hall was adjourned to be held at Berry Street Vestry on Wednesday evening. It was held at that place, and the discussion of the subject was continued. I can give no account of it, having been obliged to be absent from the city that day.

From Berry Street Vestry the meeting was adjourned to the vestry of the Bulfinch Street Church, to be held there Thursday morning at half-past nine o'clock. A very respectable number of ministers assembled accordingly, and the discussion was kept up till half-past eleven o'clock; and again from one o'clock to two; and still again from half-past three to half-past six, when the meeting was dissolved. During the meetings of Thursday, the Rev. Mr. Motte, of Greenfield, acted as Moderator.

The principal feature of the discussion was a plain and candid statement of *objections* by Rev. E. S. Gannett, with the several replies thereto.

Mr. Gannett said he did not object to any private interest in this question of Slavery; he did not even rise to say that it should not be made a topic of discussion in the pulpit, if any minister was so inclined; but he did strongly object to, and protest against, all public debate upon it, and especially any and all associated action against it. SILENCE, he said, on this subject is our duty. The evil is at a distance from us, and our interference can only make it worse. Moreover there cannot be any mistake at the South, as to what are the views of Christians at the North respecting Slavery. Brought up, as we are here, in the midst of Christian institutions and influences, the South must take it for granted that the Northern sentiment is right in this matter. They know our views. Why then should we express them? Slavery is almost altogether wrong; in principle it is atrocious; and Christianity, in its progress through the world, will undoubtedly subvert Slavery. Nevertheless Christianity and Slavery may dwell together in peace, at least temporarily. Among the Christian saints on earth, no doubt there are Christian slaveholders.

Mr. Gannett enlarged on the evil consequences of the Anti-Slavery movement, both at the South and North. As to the South, he said, we now see men and ministers there taking positions in defence of the rightfulness of Slavery, which they never would have taken, had it not been for the prejudices which that movement instilled. Harsh laws continued to be made. And above all, the movement, begun in Virginia and other States, many years ago, in behalf of Emancipation, has been stopped.

The evil consequences produced at the North, as specified by Mr. Gannett, were briefly these:

1. Distrust of the clergy, and abuse of the Church.

2. Deterioration of moral sentiment, on account of said abuse and distrust, imputation of bad motives, &c.

3. Actual disruption of ecclesiastical bodies, as the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian.

4. Hostility to the Union, and attempts to dissolve it. He regarded it as one of our first duties to sustain the Union. Its dissolution would be the destruction of the hopes of the friends of freedom, not in this country alone, but throughout the world. It would also be disastrous to the cause of peace.

These various assertions and objections were most ably answered by Messrs. Briggs, of Plymouth; Stetson, of Medford; W. H. Channing, of New-York; W. Burton, and others. It was argued that if the locality of Slavery was not here, here were many of its most powerful supports; that so far from the South having cause to think that Northern sentiment was practically Anti-Slavery, they had the strongest reasons to think otherwise, when they saw men every year coming among them from the Northern States, and becoming slaveholders and dealers, and that generally of the severest stamp; when they found continual apologies for Slavery going forth from Northern lips and pens, and when they saw the practical Anti-Slavery men and women of the North condemned, opposed, insulted, and calumniated there. It was argued that the endeavor to introduce emancipation into Virginia and other States had ceased, not because of the Anti-Slavery movement, but because the breeding of slaves, to meet the then rapidly-growing demand in the market of the Southwest, had become exceedingly lucrative; and this reconciled the *chivalrous and magnanimous* Virginian spirit to the continuance of Slavery. It was argued that, if there had grown up a strong distrust of the clergy and Church as a body, they were themselves responsible for it, "in that they saw the anguish of their brother's soul, when he besought them, and they would not hear." Their hard-hearted indifference to their brother's sufferings, their unconcern about their own participation in his wrongs, had been, if anything had been, their condemnation. The sundering of the great ecclesiastical bodies, North and South, was considered as some evidence that the conscience of the people was aroused at length, and was one of the most encouraging indications that something would soon be accomplished in behalf of the rights of the enslaved. And as to the disruption of this Union, it was shown that nothing had so much damped the interest and weakened the confidence of the friends of human liberty abroad, in our national institutions, as our alliance with Slavery, and our pertinacious and unblushing purpose to uphold it, and enlarge its bounds.

The meeting passed a resolution, expressing decidedly their Anti-Slavery views and purposes, by a vote of 44 to 7. It is right to say that it had got late when the vote was taken, and very many had been obliged to leave who were known to be wholly favorable to Anti-Slavery action. This resolution will doubtless be communicated for publication by the secretary of the meeting. In addition, a Committee was appointed to draw up a protest against Slavery as unchristian and inhuman, obtain signatures thereto, and make it public. This Committee consists of twelve gentlemen. As I do not remember them all, I will not name any. They will doubtless be made known otherwise. S. M.

From the

ton, then on the coast, and gave information that the schooner Spitfire, then in the Rio Pongo river, was the same vessel formerly known as the Carabello, and a slaver. He gave this information, as he testified, from revenge, in consequence of some trouble with Faber, (who he supposed owned her,) in not paying him his wages.

An expedition of boats, English and American, was immediately fitted out, and the Spitfire was seized. She was found near Faber's slave factory, with a portion of her cargo, consisting of ten hogsheads of tobacco and some other articles, still on board. She was in command of Capt. Flowery, the defendant, and had been lying there several weeks.

By the papers found on board, it appeared that Capt. Flowery had sailed in her from Havana to Key West, and thence to New Orleans, where a bill of sale appeared to have been executed by one J. M. Anguerra, acting as the agent and attorney of Edwin A. Falker, of Key West. The price paid for her was $7,500. She had no Register, but upon the bill of sale there was a certificate that she was American property, with a statement that she could have no register in consequence of having been owned by foreigners. There was also found a charter party executed between the Captain and one J. Scorsur, by the terms of which the vessel was to proceed from New Orleans to Havana, and thence to Rio Pongo, for $5,000. It appears in evidence that the vessel sailed from New Orleans, in November, with a cargo consisting of thirty hogsheads of tobacco, and some smaller articles. She proceeded to Havana, with Scorsur on board. There she took in some shooks and dry goods, and cleared for the Cape de Verd Islands, but she proceeded to Rio Pongo direct. There were on board a Frenchman and a Spaniard, each of whom relieved the captain of his watch in his turn. There was also evidence tending to show, that these passengers kept the run of the voyage on charts of their own; and there were found on board several English, French, and Spanish charts. When they arrived on the coast, the Frenchman and a part of the crew, went in the boat in search of a pilot, and while the boat of a British steamer was approaching, the Frenchman took from his coat a flag of some nation, (what did not appear,) and threw it into the water, remarking, that if the British should find it on board they would seize the vessel.

The number of men on board the schooner was eight besides the captain and passengers. The schooner was of ninety-six tons burthen; of a costly finish, with twelve sweeps, or large oars, and many sails.

One of the men on board the Manchester testified that he heard a conversation *in English*, at Rio Pongo, between the Spaniard, the Frenchman, and Faber, the owner of the factory, in relation to taking a cargo of slaves on board; but in the defence it was testified that the Spaniard could not talk a word of English. Antonio, a Spanish boy, who acted as steward, testified that he had often heard Capt. Flowery, the Spaniard, and the Frenchman talking of taking a cargo of slaves. But his testimony was somewhat confused and contradictory, and the defendant's counsel contended that it was entitled to no credit. With the exception of Antonio, all the men testified that they did not ship for a slaving voyage; that they had no reason to suppose they were on such a voyage, until it was so rumored at Rio Pongo.

There were many other facts and circumstances in the case, from which the District Attorney contended that the vessel must have been on a slaving voyage. He particularly pressed the point that the vessel was once in the trade as the Carabello; that she was peculiarly well fitted for a slaver; that the circumstances of the sale to Flowery were suspicious; that the alledged charter party was absurd, inasmuch as the price to be paid ($5,000) was enormously high, and, generally, that the facts in the case were irreconcilable with the notion, that the voyage was in the regular course of trade. He also contended that the vessel was to have changed captains when the slaves were taken in, and that the Spaniard was to act in that capacity on the return voyage.

On the part of the defence it was contended, and evidence was offered to show, that there was nothing unusual in the voyage, or in the character of the vessel; that she as a Baltimore clipper, and is precisely similar to all vessels of her class; that whatever might have been her former name, and whatever her character, there was no evidence to show that the defendant ever knew her except as the Spitfire and an honest craft; that there was no reason to doubt the validity or honesty of the sale to the defendant in New Orleans; and that she was there regularly advertised for several weeks before the sale; that the Frenchman and Spaniard were bona fide passengers, and that it was not unusual for passengers who were sea-faring men to keep the run of the voyage and relieve the captain of his watch; that the cargo on board was a proper one for the lawful trade on the African coast, and that the size of the Spitfire fitted her for the trade.

There were many other points, on both sides, which were relied upon, but to which we have no room to refer with more particularity.

Robert Rantoul, Jr. District Attorney, for the United States.

J. P. Rogers and P. W. Chandler, for the defendant.

Sprague J. in his charge to the jury, said that there were no questions of law in the case, upon which the counsel for the Government and for the prisoner disagreed. The question was simply one of fact for the jury. To constitute the offence charged in the indictment, for there was but one offence charged, although differently set forth in the two counts,—the Government must make out that the vessel was fitted out at New Orleans, and sailed from that place with the knowledge of the prisoner, and the intent that she should be employed in the Slave-Trade. A purpose which arose in his mind subsequently to the time of sailing, would not maintain the indictment. The Government had the burden of proof, and were bound to introduce legal evidence, to satisfy the jury beyond a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt. If the vessel was intended to be employed in the Slave-Trade, at the time she was fitted out, and Capt Flowery knew of it, and it was his purpose so to employ her, at the time she sailed from New Orleans, then the offence was completed at the time the vessel sailed.

The Government had introduced evidence, both direct and circumstantial. Circumstantial evidence was sufficient, for the proof of a fact, when it fairly came up to the requisitions of the law. But the circumstances must be such as are not explainable on any other fair and reasonable supposition than that of the guilt of the prisoner. If reconcilable with the theory of his innocence, they were not sufficient to establish his guilt. If the circumstances were not sufficient, then the jury were to consider, whether the circumstances and the direct testimony combined were sufficient.

His Honor said that he should not go through the evidence in detail. The jury had heard the evidence, and the material points had been carefully presented by the counsel. The question was purely a question of fact for the jury. They were to judge from the testimony what facts were established, and from those facts to draw their own inferences respecting the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

With regard to the censure which had been cast upon the officer of the Truxton, for sending the prisoner to Boston, instead of New Orleans, his Honor remarked that the officer was engaged in a responsible duty, and must be deemed to have discharged that duty properly, unless the contrary were shown. If his object in sending the prisoner to Boston, had been to deprive him of evidence, by which he might have explained any circumstances, which if unexplained would appear suspicious, he would have been guilty of an abuse of power, which was not to be presumed, in the absence of any proof on that point. If evidence, material to the prisoner's defence, could be procured at New Orleans, he might have made an application to the officer for the Government, and an affidavit that such evidence could be procured, and that officer would have sent for such evidence, to enable both parties to arrive at the real truth of the case. This, it is true, would oblige the prisoner to lie in jail during the necessary delay; and the consideration of that inconvenience might have some weight against the argument, that circumstances which it was in his power to explain, had not been explained by the prisoner.

His Honor then commented upon the direct evidence produced by the Government; stated the grounds upon which the testimony of Smith and Antonio had been represented as unworthy of belief, and the arguments which had been suggested in support of their credibility, and concluded by remarking, that if the circumstances of the case alone, or the circumstantial and direct evidence together, were sufficient to satisfy the jury that the prisoner had committed the offence charged in the indictment, it was their duty to pronounce him guilty; but if they were not sufficient, it was their duty to pronounce him not guilty.

The jury, after a consultation of about an hour, returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy.

From the Boston Courier.

VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND COMPARED.

From the dawn of her existence as a colony, through every stage of her subsequent progress, as a provincial or independent territory, the State of Virginia has been inhabited by a people devoted to the pursuits of agriculture. When discovered and colonized by Englishmen, the region now comprised in Virginia, and familiarly called "the Ancient Dominion," was one continued, dense, and very partially broken forest. A few savage tribes were found along the tide waters, but the interior was scarcely inhabited, even by savages. The lapse of a few years only was required to cause the feeble Indian inhabitants, after several struggles for existence, to disappear before the European emigrants, who, disappointed in their searches after mines of the precious metals, soon turned their attention to planting as their sole occupation. English capital was not wanting to encourage the early adventurers. Efforts at first were made to introduce the culture of silk and the vine, but these requiring much care and professional knowledge, were unsuited to an infant colony, although the climate and soil were well adapted to those products. Tobacco, a plant which Virginia was found to yield of a fine quality, soon supplied the desideratum of a resource from whence the friends of the colony in England could obtain returns for their capital. This article therefore became the great staple commodity of Virginia, forming the principal article of export until the American Revolution. Since that period the planters have turned their attention more to the cultivation of wheat, Indian corn, and other grains, as well as other products of agriculture.

None of the North American colonies settled by British emigrants, it is believed presented greater advantages to agriculturalists than Virginia. It lies between those parallels of latitude which include the finest climate on the old continent—Morocco, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily, Naples, and the southern parts of Spain. Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, observes, that proceeding on the same parallel of latitude westwardly, the climate becomes colder, till you reach the summit of the Alleghany ridge. Thence descending to the waters of the Mississippi Valley, the temperature increases, and to such an extent that the climate is several degrees warmer in that valley than in the same latitude on the shores of the Atlantic. With regard to the productions of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson says: "It is not easy to say what are the articles either of necessity, comfort, or luxury, which we cannot raise, as everything hardier than the olive, and as hardy as the fig, may be raised here in the open air." Mr. Darby remarks, "that though the soil increases in fertility, advancing from the seaboard, still density of population is in a near ratio to proximity to the place of original settlement on James River. If we make every just allowance for the space actually occupied by mountains and other unproductive tracts, still there would remain 50.000 square miles, at least, capable of sustaining a mean distributive population, equal to any one of the best inhabited of its existing counties, say Henrico, including the city of Richmond. Such a ratio would give Virginia upwards of *five millions of inhabitants*, a number far below the number which it could support." Another writer (Mr. Flint) in describing Virginia, says: "This State is traversed by so many considerable streams, that pursue parallel courses through the level Atlantic belt, and the navigation of these streams has been so much improved by artificial means, that most of the transport of the State is by water, and commerce is in this way brought to the doors of the people. To the productions common to the northern and middle States, this State adds the sweet potato, the finest tobacco, and in the Southern parts cotton as a crop. The productions of the North and the South, apples and wheat; cotton and tobacco meet here, as in Tennessee, in the western country. The temperature, soil, and circumstances, are supposed to be favorable in the highest degree to the cultivated grape and the silk mulberry. Nature has given the State every advantage of position, climate, and navigable rivers."

A region thus highly favored by nature, and peopled with a race of farmers and planters principally of Anglo-Saxon descent, it will be admitted, combines the circumstances requisite to test the truth of the political dogma, which has been so long prevalent in Virginia, and inculcated by other professed friends of free trade in the United States, namely, that agriculture, unsupported by manufactures, is the best and most profitable employment for the people of this country; that, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "our workshops should be in Europe." Although that statesman afterwards changed his opinion, and became convinced that it would be best "to place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturalist," the leading politicians of Virginia have adhered to the original doctrine, and in this they are supported by the advocates of free trade generally.

If the notions of this school of political economists be correct, in which, by the way, they agree with all the old English writers on the subject, in asserting that it was for the interest of the mother country to furnish the colonies with every article of manufacture, necessity or luxury might require, while it was best for the colonies in return to send all their raw materials, from agriculture, the mines, or the forest, to the mother country—then, surely, would Virginia, where the doctrine has been strictly carried out, present an example of substantial prosperity or improvement, which might challenge comparison.

Where, then, shall we look for a section of the United States, possessing no advantages in priority of time of settlement, in extent of territory, in physical resources, in navigable waters, in climate, in natural position, or governmental protection; and whereother industrial pursuits have been mingled with those of agriculture? Fortunately such a territory is found in the six Eastern States, usually called *New England*.

The first settlement in Virginia was commenced in 1607, at Jamestown, while the first colony planted in New England was a few years afterwards, viz: in 1620, at Plymouth. Both sections may therefore be considered as nearly of the same age in point of settlement, both were settled by Englishmen, and there is a striking similarity in extent of territory. Mr. Martin, a Virginia geographer, states the area of Virginia at 65,624 square miles; Mr. Darby says, "the area of this State is usually underrated, as by a careful measurement by the rhombs, the superfices are within a fraction of 70,000 square miles." (The area of England and Wales is but 57,812; Scotland, 26,016; and Ireland 31,874 square miles.)

The area of the New England States is thus given by the best authorities, viz:—

	Square Miles.	Acres.
Maine,	30,000	19,200,000
New Hampshire,	9,280	5,939,200
Vermont,	10,212	6,535,680
Massachusetts,	7,560	4,800,000
Rhode Island,	1,306	870,400
Connecticut,	4,674	2,991,360
Total,	63,026	40,336,640

It is thus shown that Virginia is superior to New England in extent of territory; the advantage must also be conceded to her in climate, in fertility of soil, in the variety of agricultural productions, in her natural position, in the extent of internal navigation, thus affording avenues to market, with equal facilities for foreign and domestic commerce. It might also be shown that Virginia possesses great advantages for manufacturing, and that in minerals she is superior to any other State. "Few countries," says Martin, "possess greater advantages than Virginia for success in manufacturing; she has labor cheap and abundant, inexhaustible supplies of fuel, and almost unlimited water power." "In minerals and fossils," says Flint, "Virginia is considered the richest State in the Union. Quarries of the most beautiful marble and freestone, blue limestone, pit coal, and iron ore, are found in inexhaustible abundance, and in places too numerous to be designated. Black lead, lead ore, rock crystal, amethysts, and emeralds, are discovered. Porcelean clay and chalk are common, and almost all the useful fossils. The extensive belt of hill and mountainous country, in which gold is found in every form, commences in this State, nearly in the midland regions, and extends Southwest many hundred miles."

We have alluded to these natural resources of Virginia, to show her capabilities of employing a large population in manufacturing and mining, and thus diversify the industrial pursuits of her inhabitants; but it is not here our purpose to point out advantages which it is the policy of Virginia Statesmen, of the free trade school, to suffer to remain dormant, and obtain supplies for their own wants from the products of European mines and manufactures—payment being made for the same in such products of the soil of Virginia as it may please Europeans to take, and subject to such duties and restrictions as those transatlantic countries may impose.

The early colonists of New England were favored with a less genial climate, and generally a less fertile soil, than their brethren of Virginia; but by turning their attention, in addition to agricultural employments, to the fisheries, to traffic, and the fur trade with the Indians, to the lumber and provision trade with the West Indies, in exchange for the produce of those islands, and to domestic manufactures, this diversity of industrial pursuits soon more than compensated for the physical disadvantages under which they labor. Accordingly, we find the population of New England, in 1701, was estimated at 120.000, while that of Virginia was but 40,000. In 1749, New England was stated to contain 385,000 souls, and Virginia 85,000. Edmund Burke, in a work published in 1757, estimates the population of Virginia at between 60 and 70,000 whites, and nearly 100,000 slaves.

The physical strength of the colonies was shown during the Revolution. From 1775 to 1783, inclusive, New England furnished 118.251 continental soldiers, and 29,334 militia; while Virginia furnished 26,678 continentals, and 5.620 militia, for the Revolutionary service, during the same period. The sums allowed by the United States for expenditures by the several States, were to New England, $35,-311 340; to Virginia, $19.085,981.

The relative condition of New England and Virginia, at the present time, is shown by the following statements. They present a comparative view of the substantial elements of prosperity, as well as of moral and intellectual improvement, in these two sections of the United States—the one a population of diversified industrial employments, and improving all their advantages—the other a population chiefly agricultural, its manufacturing, mining, and commercial advantages but partially developed, importing from abroad a large portion of the manufactures necessary for the supply of its inhabitants, and most of which could readily and advantageously be made within its own borders.

Comparative view of the present condition of New England and Virginia.

	New England.	Virginia.
White population in 1840,	2,212,163	740,968
Free colored do. do.	22,633	49,872
Slaves do.	23	448,987
Total population in 1840	2,234,821	1,339,797
Persons employed in Agriculture,	414,138	318,771
do. do. in Manufactures,	187,258	54,147
do. do. in Mining,	811	1,998
do. do. in Commerce,	17,757	6,351
do. do. in Navigation,	44,068	3,534
do. do. in Learned Professions,	11,050	3,866
Whites over twenty years of age who cannot read and write,	13,041	58,787
Students in Colleges,	9,857	1,097
do. in Academies,	43,664	11,083
Scholars in Primary Schools,	574 977	35 331
Capital employed in Manufactures,	$86,824,229	$1,360,861
do. do. in Foreign Commerce,	19,467,793	4,299,500
do. do. in Fisheries	14,691,294	28,383
do. do. in Lumber Business,	2,096,041	113,210
Banking capital in 1840.	62,134,850	3,637,400

Estimates of the Annual Products, by Professor Tucker of Virginia, on the basis of the Census of 1840.

Annual products of Agriculture,	$74,749,889	$59,088,821
do. do. Manufactures,	82,784 185	8 349 211
do. do. Commerce,	13 528 740	5 299 451
do. do. Mining.	3 803 639	3 321 629
do. do. Forests	3 361 287	617 760
do. do. Fisheries.	9 434 355	93 173
Total Annual products.	$187 657.294	$76 769 053

Summary of the Population for Fifty Years.

White population in 1790		992.781	442 115
Colored	do. 1790	17 042	306 193
White	do. 1800	1 214 688	514 280
Colored	do. 1800	18 657	366 940
White	do. 1810	1 451 985	551 534
Colored	do. 1810	19 906	423 088
White	do. 1820	1 637 415	603 074
Colored	do. 1820	21 393	462 292
White	do. 1830	1 933 338	694 300
Colored	do. 1830	31 278	517 105
White	do. 1840	2 212 166	740,968
Colored	do. 1840	22 657	498 829
Increase of whites in fifty years		1 219 381	298 853
Increase of colored persons in fifty years		5 613	191,536
Increase of total population		1 224.997	491 489

The per centage of increase on the total population in fifty years, in New England, is 121 3-10—in Virginia, 65 6-10.

The emigration from New England, for the last fifty years, is estimated to have greatly exceeded in proportion that of Virginia.

Communications.

Joseph A. Dugdale and the Society of Friends.

Friends at a distance, and particularly those in Ohio and Indiana, will be gratified to know how our beloved friends Joseph A. Dugdale and wife, are getting along in the arduous task which seems to have been assigned them by the great head of the Church. They attended a considerable number of meetings belonging to Indiana Yearly Meeting; in some of them it seemed, as a Friend expressed it, like passing through the fire, in others they were cordially received. Two monthly meetings in Whitewater Quarterly Meeting have separated, in consequence of the opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement. J. A. D. and wife attended Stillwater Quarterly Meeting, within the verge of Ohio Yearly Meeting. After considerable discussion in this meeting their certificates were read in the men's and women's meetings. Here a series of appointments were made, to several of which they were accompanied by William Schooly, a much-esteemed minister and member of Ohio Yearly Meeting. In some places excitement was manifested, but where opposition was made W. S. answered it in a suitable manner. They attended the meetings in Redstone Quarterly Meeting, and left Friends there with much kind feeling. They had a large and satisfactory meeting at Pittsburgh. From there they proceeded to Virginia, and attended the meetings of Waterford and Goose creek. In consequence of notice being spread of their intention of attending the latter meeting it was large, and a number of slaveholders were present. He treated upon the subject of Slavery with much plainness, boldly pointing out the evils of the system. They were also at Alexandria and Washington. In all those meetings Friends manifested their sympathy, and received, them with much brotherly kindness.

They then proceeded to Philadelphia, taking several meetings, as in Baltimore, &c. on their way. Attended the Monthly Meeting at Kennet, Chester county, Pennsylvania, where their certificates were read and endorsed; they also were at Hockessin, in the State of Delaware. They then proceeded on their journey to Philadelphia. Joseph attended the meeting of ministers and elders, which was held on Seventh-day, the 10th of 5th month, and was received with much kindness.

SKETCH OF THE YEARLY MEETING OF PHILADELPHIA. HELD FIFTH MONTH. 1845.

The Yearly Meeting convened on Second-day, Fifth month, twelfth, and was much larger than usual, owing to the interest felt in the cases of Joseph A. Dugdale and wife, who were there with minutes from Greenplain Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, in Ohio, which had been *laid down without their consent*, by Indiana Yearly Meeting. Indeed it was believed that upon Joseph's reception depended the allegiance of many to Society, as not a few thought they could no longer remain in membership if he was rejected, as they considered the cases of Greenplain Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, and Indiana Yearly Meeting, precisely analogous to those of Green Street Monthly and Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting in 1827. At that period it may be recollected that Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting laid down Green Street Monthly Meeting *without its consent*. It refused to remain so, and although in disunity with the Yearly Meeting then existing, granted certificates to some of its ministers to visit Ohio and Indiana Yearly Meetings. Friends of Ohio and Indiana received the visiters and read their minutes, acting upon the principle "*that no superior Meeting has a right to lay down an inferior Meeting without* its consent;" a principle strongly contended for in 1827 by Friends in Philadelphia, and as strongly condemned by Orthodox Friends. This principle, it was believed, was grossly violated by the proceedings of the dominant party in Indiana Yearly Meeting in the disownment of Joseph A. Dugdale and others, which would be virtually sanctioned by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting if it rejected these Friends. On the other hand it was thought that as we were in correspondence with Indiana Yearly Meeting, a formal reception of J. A. Dugdale and wife's certificates would be a breach of order, and in fact a separation from Indiana Yearly Meeting. Joseph appeared in the public meeting on First-day, and spoke at some length to the satisfaction of many. He was afterward waited on by many Friends of both sides of the question, who generally concurred in the opinion that some compromise was necessary, and mutually advised him to attend meeting through the week, but not present his certificate.

With this compromise many were dissatisfied, and were ready to advocate the reception of the certificates upon the simple but correct principle acted upon in 1827, by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. But many even among the Abolitionists, either from a greater love of *quiet* than principle, or from a desire to maintain the unity of the Society, which with many, seems to be of higher moment than the unity of the spirit, shrank in the time of trial from a great and important issue.

Thus amid conflicting views, and misgivings and fears of disunity, the body assembled and proceeded to the usual business.

Minutes of Friends in attendance were read by the Clerk, when Joseph A. Dugdale rose and stated, that he had in possession a minute from Greenplain Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, which, owing to a separation having taken place in several of the branches of Indiana Yearly Meeting, he had been advised not to exhibit, but he felt best satisfied just to mention it, and leave the matter to the meeting.

The question of reception was raised, and considerable discussion ensued, which resulted in referring the minute, and some other documents received from Indiana, concerning the case, to the Representatives.

The meeting progressed in its business as far as the sixth query, respecting war, oaths, a mercenary ministry, fraudulent trade, prize goods, &c. &c.

The usual exceptions from two or three Quarters came up in the answers to this query, in which it was stated that many Friends consider the produce of the slave's labor, as prize goods, and the trade there in fraudulent. *These exceptions the meeting has heretofore included in its summary, but at this time refused to do so, alledging as a reason that it was extraneous matter, and had no right there.* This *refusal* occasioned a protracted and deeply interesting discussion on the subject of Slavery, and our connection with it. On Fourth-day Ruth Dugdale's minute was received from women's Meeting, and the occasion called up the report of the Representatives on Joseph A. Dugdale's minute. Eli Hillis, on behalf of the Representatives reported "that way did not open to recommend the reading of any of the documents at this time." It was then thought best not to read Ruth Dugdale's minute, and the matter was disposed of as desired at first, leaving the Yearly Meeting as regards its official action in the case, *non-committal*. During the discussion that arose upon the report of the Representatives, a violent attack was made by William Bancroft upon Joseph A. Dugdale. He declared that Ruth Dugdale's minute had been introduced into women's Meeting by deceit, and that Joseph A. Dugdale had the effrontery, yes, the unblushing effrontery, to come and sit—— Having proceeded thus far he was reminded by the assistant clerk that the matter was settled. A strong feeling of disapprobation was manifest throughout the meeting, many Friends rose simultaneous upon their feet to rebuke this exhibition of unchristian conduct, and an elder requested him to take his seat and behave commendably, which he did before finishing his remarks.

The meeting, therefore, while it did not formally receive J. A. Dugdale, really sustained him, and permitted him to participate in all its deliberations. Out of doors he was encouraged to pursue his prospect, by several of those who could not sanction, as a point of order, the reading of his certificate in meeting. Near the conclusion, the meeting was again reminded of the intolerant spirit that had been manifested in rejecting the exceptions in the answers to the sixth query, and of the scattering and destructive tendencies of that spirit that will either "rule or rend," and which, in this instance had exhibited a disregard of the rights and conscientious feelings of a large portion of the members. The meeting then closed in much apparent harmony but with little increase of healthy unity though with some demonstrations of condescension.

After the close of the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, they attended the Quarterly Meetings of Burlington and Bucks, and arrived in New-York on the 30th of Fifth month, where they remained till the 2d of Sixth month when they proceeded on their journey, to attend Genesee Yearly Meeting, which commenced the 9th instant.

It will be proper to state that J. A. D. and wife found, wherever they went, that their opposers had sent on copies of their disownment and those Friends explained the circumstances in relation to it, so that Friends generally had a full understanding of their cases.

I have received the above account of the proceedings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, from letters and in conversation with members of that meeting who attended it.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

New-York, 6 mo. 3d, 1845.

Letter from G. B. Stebbins.

Northampton, Mass. May 15, 1845.

Friend Gay:—I received a short time since some particulars in regard to the preaching of one of the reverend clergy of the Bay State which are too choice and exquisite in their pro-slavery spirit, "to waste their sweets on the desert air," and I accordingly write these few lines to make them known through the columns of your paper, not doubting but that in so doing I shall act in accordance with the wishes of the reverend author of the sermon alluded to; for if he was preaching *truth* (and surely he should preach nothing he does not *believe* to be true) he would of course wish that truth to be spread as widely as possible. In a thanksgiving sermon, preached last fall, the clergyman of a parish in a flourishing village in the very heart of Massachusetts, after speaking of the condition of the poor in England as far worse than that of any class in this country, said, "If I had a twenty millions with model farms and Niger expeditions it is to these I would give it; Quashee has already victuals and clothing. Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow colored pale man's;" and after speaking further in regard to the wrongs of England, he said, "And yet *this* is the nation that sends us over twenty homilies a year, and looks *exceedingly demure* because some Africans among us, with not a tenth of the capabilities of feeling of an English laborer, are well-fed, and well clothed, and well taken care of when not able to take care of themselves." On a subsequent occasion, the same *pious* defender of Slavery said that *there was nothing in the Bible to forbid man from holding property in his fellow-man*.

In the thanksgiving sermon, as will be seen, the remark in regard to "Quashee," is a quotation from Carlyle's Past and Present, but it was introduced without any credit being given, and the great majority of his hearers supposed he applied the epithet to the Africans in derision, and as any one would whether it was quoted from Carlyle or not.

Now, ought not this reverend teacher to *know* that the Anti-Slavery men and women of England are those who are making efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor *at home* as well as abroad? Surely, or he is not fit to be a teacher of the people. And he should know too, that if England has set us a noble example in one respect it is meet that we should follow it. But the most atrocious feature of the remarks quoted is, that the spirit and tenor of the whole tends to blind the minds of his hearers, make them believe that the slaves in this country are well fed, clothed, and taken care of; and worst of all, that Slavery, holding immortal men, made in God's own image in bondage, buying and selling human beings, is not an evil in itself, and that *the Bible does not forbid it*. A reverend defender of baby stealing in the land of the Pilgrims! One who *dares* stand up in the pulpit, take that Bible which he believes to be a revelation from God, and torture its pages

"To sanction robbery, and crime, and blood,
And in oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God."

If this man should remove to the South, and carry out in practice such views he would doubtless be the owner of some forty or fifty slaves, and live on the price of human blood which crime would probably confer upon him the *honorable* rank of D. D. in the American Church.

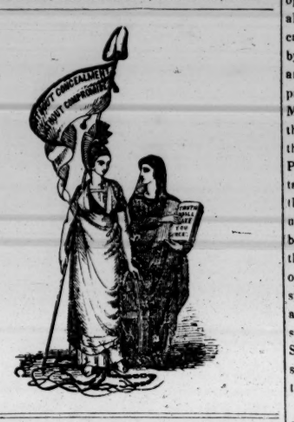
I ask you to publish this because people in New England should *know* what bloody and revolting falsehoods are taught as God's own truth by one who claims to have been sanctified and called to the work of a Christian teacher, who professes to be the follower of One, who said eighteen centuries ago, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me for he hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captive." Heaven save New England from such teachers. For the man who is so dead and blind to what is high and holy, so forgetful of the great truth of the brotherhood of the whole human family, I have no feelings but pity and sorrow for his wretched condition, and unmingled horror and disgust for the awful sentiments he advances. May he be awakened to feel that he is indeed one of a Brotherhood of Thieves, and look upon his present views in their true light; and thus learn to repudiate with indignation and scorn the guilty "fantasy" that man can *ever* hold property in his fellow-man. His hearers I hope will shun his church as they would shun a pest house, and thus bear their faithful testimony against his views, and check the dangerous influence they may exert. Your friend, G. B. STEBBINS.

P. S. I have given no names, but names and *proofs too*, amply sufficient can be given. In a conversation in a public place, the same minister said, a short time since, that slaves should not be taught to read and write.

G. B. S.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1845.



Political Aspect of the United States respecting Slavery.

Dark as the prospects of our cause may seem to those who look upon the dashing of the political billows, without properly appreciating the healthfulness of the moral agitation which has raised the raging tempest, yet, in those who, like the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, have long been laboring to break the pestilential calm of sixty years, the present hour seems full of promise and of cheer.

Apathy can no longer exist. Ignorance begins to be dispelled. States are beginning to feel and to dread the pro-slavery currents that have been so long bearing them silently onward towards political subjugation. Legislatures have been convulsed by the first dawnings of a conjecture, that no compromises, however cunning,—no surrender of rights, however limited and guarded, can secure to Freedom any advantage from the existence of Slavery. And it is a proof of the degradation to which Slavery had reduced this nation, that a truth so obvious, a fact so indisputable that to deny it were folly, now gives to the Legislatures and statesmen, who begin to perceive it, a claim for depth and originality. Ideas on human rights, duties, governments, and constitutions, which Abolitionists have for years held up to the community, are now blazoned forth under Legislative sanction as new discoveries. We rejoice that here and there throughout the country, men called wise are coming more or less rapidly to the same conclusions, for the adoption of which the American Society has been branded as incendiary, fanatical, and dangerous; and that too at no distant period of the past. The wise and prudent,—"the right sort of men"—are now groping blindly for the way, as one of political expediency, which, (because guided by the moral right—the principle of freedom,) the wayfaring Abolitionists, though accounted fools, did not err in.

The Annexation of Texas, the admission of Florida, the expulsion of the officials of free States from the territory of slave States, the disgrace of the nation in foreign courts by a new display of the slavery-tainted character of her diplomacy, the imprisonment, (and in one instance the capital trial, sentence and conviction,) of citizens of the free States in the jails of slave States for acts which, in any other land on earth, would entitle them to reward and honor;—all these things have given the people a shock of awakening. We do not fear that they will ever again recover their guilty rest.

We owe much to the co-operation and sympathy of British Abolitionists, in the direction which they have labored to give the public mind in the cases of John L. Brown, Jonathan Walker, and others. Without political interference, without individual officiousness, without a deed, of which the law of nations could take cognizance, or one which the law of love could condemn, the prompt expression of feeling on the part of British Abolitionists in the case of John L. Brown, was of avail to nullify the bloody sentence of the South Carolina Judge, and set the victim of the slave law free. This is the might of moral suasion. This is the efficacy of well-directed opinion. God bless the Abolitionists of Great Britain, and make them strong to utter the words of truth in behalf of Freedom, in the hearing of every American State, and every American citizen! May no temptation of worldly interest, though clothed in the livery of heaven, ever prevail with them, (as in the case of Dr. Burns, Cunningham, &c. of the Scotch Free Church,) to keep silence when it concerns the cause of human freedom that they should speak.

The near approach of Texas to our political union, fixes all eyes upon the subject of Slavery. That movement is seen of all to be the last hope of the South for the perpetuation of her system. Notwithstanding the constitutional limitations on the power, granted for the admission of new States, to the territories belonging to the United States; notwithstanding that the power to admit is among the reserved rights of the several States; notwithstanding that the province proposed for admission is one justly claimed by a foreign and a friendly power, (though its proclamation of unconditional emancipation in 1829, makes the slave power account it a foe;) notwithstanding that its own consent and acquiescence have never been thought of; notwithstanding the destruction of all uniformity in the United States naturalization laws which would ensue; notwithstanding that Annexation might bring a war with Mexico and England, and the Indian tribes in its train; notwithstanding the equal want of a constitutional right or actual precedent, the slave power has demanded, and has *almost* obtained the admission to the United States of upwards of 300,000 square miles of foreign territory, equal to forty-three such States as Massachusetts, or seven of the size of Pennsylvania.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has no partisan purposes. It is neither the defender of the Constitution with one party, nor the flatterer of the people with the other. It notices these unconstitutional proceedings as proofs of the folly of the idea that a lawless, merciless, tyrannical system, such as Slavery, can be restrained by compacts, codes, or compromises. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? Will *he* make a covenant with thee! Wilt thou *take him* for a servant forever! do so no more! behold the hope of him is in vain." If the slave system be not paramount, it is paralysed. Hence the energy of its supporters, to prostrate the smallest remainder of the rights guarantied to the free States, for the purpose of immediately extending the domain of Slavery to the Northern tropic, and thus perpetuating the present disgraceful subjugation of the North to the South.

We say Annexation is *almost* obtained, because the deed that has been sixteen years in preparation, and that the American Anti-Slavery Society, with its pioneers and auxiliaries has warned the people against unceasingly, is not *yet* consummated. On the 27th of February it received the sanction of the House of Representatives, amid disgraceful howling and bullying, with threats and exhibition of fists and bowie-knives, on the part of the Southerners, by *one hundred and thirty-two* yeas to *seventy-six* nays.

On the 27th of February it passed the Senate by 27 to 25. The Democratic party, the dominant one of the country, went almost unanimously for it;—as the administration party in the nature of things always must, even for the most diabolical feature of the present state of things, for it holds its domination by means of its detestable adherence to Slavery. One noble exception, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, deserves honorable mention. "Among the faithless faithful only he."

The Whigs redeemed their party from the disgrace of this act, by throwing their majority, alas—an insufficient one, against its perpetration. In Massachusetts they called a Convention for the 6th day of February, before the bill reached the Senate, to protest against so atrocious a deed on the part of a Christian and Republican nation, as the extension and perpetuation of Slavery by the Annexation of Texas. They wished not to make it a party movement. They invited and entreated ALL opposed to Annexation to assist. If they were left alone, in what distant beholders and future times will call their glory, it was not through Whig intolerance, but by means of Democratic servility to Slavery. They did, and are doing, all that Whigs, *as such*, under oath to the pro-slavery Constitution of the United States, can do. May a sense of their miserable weakness, crushed as they are between the upper and the nether millstone of their distressing position, show them the only true way. Politicians, as they glory in calling themselves, let them take the only political course that remains to them. Let them proclaim that the Annexation of Texas is not only unconstitutional and in itself a dissolution of the Union, but in regard to its momentous consequences, as being the last of a long series of aggressions and usurpations on the part of the South, and evidences of a studied and systematic attempt to pervert, to the support of Slavery, all the power and influence of the National Government, such Annexation makes it the duty of the Northern States, by all they owe to Liberty and Justice, and themselves, immediately on its taking place, to call conventions for the organization of a new National Government.

The consideration that hinders them from taking any effectual stand to save themselves from extinction, and the cause of Liberty and their country from destruction, is in part, doubtless, their perception that the progress of the Texan plot, and the feebleness with which it has been resisted by any but ourselves, clearly proves that the whole Northern mind is swallowed up and corrupted by party interests and party ambition, and that no efficient political action whatever, could at present be taken by the free States;—that nothing is to be hoped for from the North, for freedom, while the public opinion continues chilled and tainted by the influence of this Union:—and yet their love of freedom and hatred of slavery and political subjugation, is not strong enough to prompt them to join us in the righteous and indispensable war-cry of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! that only spell of virtue to make the slave-power quail. The Union is more than half dead. Like a gangrened limb, the longer continuance of Slavery as a part of the body politic, will insure the speedy death of the whole. The Union must be severed.

"Oh throw away the worser half of it,
And live the purer with the other half."

They owe it not only to their country and their age as men, but to themselves as keen-witted, astute politicians, to be not only almost, but *altogether* such as we are. The course may be fatal to the political individuals who lead the van; but no other course is worth even the name of *policy*, provided they are really seeking, as they say, the interests of the country.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has been falsely accused of repelling, by the severity of its judgment and the keenness of its analysis of motives, those who were really its helpers. Those who said so, know not wherefore they affirmed. The sincere always possess, in their very sincerity, the touch-stone that reveals the hypocrite. We know what helps or hinders us; and we give or deny the corresponding credit. We recognize in the movements of the Northern Whigs, ~~as~~ a body, a feeble desire to aid our cause if it is not to cost too much

obliged, in their own despite, to feel their danger and their shame. Let us rejoice that the laws by which we may promulgate moral principle, are more rapid in their operation than the progress of population. While Mexico has been slowly dismembered, and Texas, by the aid of our refuse people and our slave-led soldiery, stayed up on either side as an independent province, while slaveholders have, by bullying, and by cunning, and by force,—by pushing, by parrying us as the case demanded, succeeded in bringing in their plan for the extention and perpetuation of Slavery, Abolitionists have so far converted whole States to the principles of Freedom, that they protest with one voice against the deed. Spread every sail, then, to catch the breath of reaction which this nefarious project will raise. Light at first it may be, but it will not subside, as after the introduction of Missouri as a slave State. The circumstances are different. There was then, no organized opposition, no embodied hostility to Slavery. Now, the American Anti-Slavery Society exists, to fan this flame of Freedom for which the South furnishes the fuel. So vastly is the disproportion between moral power and physical force in favor of the former, that all past experience shows us how the Lord can save a land for *ten's* sake only, who put their trust in right. We call upon all who hate the wrong, to unite with us for its extinction. "They are not yet *quite* ready!" Go to work, then, members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society!—servants of the slave;—and make them ready. Spare neither time, nor money, nor labor, nor *life*, if the times need them all. Preach this gospel of deliverance as it were a crusade!—let each man see its cross pinned to your shoulder! Is this a time to add house to house, and field to field!—to calculate the farthing on cotton freighting, or speculate in factory stocks! is this a time to linger round the Capitol for official spoils! Is this a time, men of America, to sit at ease in your ceiled houses! Be covetous, indolent, meanly ambitious no longer! Leave party spite on one hand, and sectional prejudice on the other, and unite—just where they now stand, with the only body in your country that occupies the true position—the only individuals who care enough for Freedom to have identified themselves with her: You must come to them, for to you the exact right forbids them to return. "But they are so few!" Amen. Let your adhesion to their cause help to amend that. "But they are so weak!" Amen. Is not their hope of right the stronger because their ranks, tried so as by fire, are incumbered with nothing neutral and half-hearted,—delayed by no burden of wealth, or office, or honors?

> " For whom
> Hath he who shakes the mighty with a breath,
> From the high places made the majesty
> And ever wakeful presence of his power,
> To the pale startled earth most manifest,
> *But* for the weak? Was't for the helmed and crowned
> That suns were stayed at noonday —stormy seas
> As a rill parted? Mailed archangels sent
> To wither up the strength of kings with death!
> I tell you if these marvels have been done,
> 'Twas for the weak and the oppressed.
> They *needed* such! and generous faith of men hath,
> By her prevailing spirit, even yet power to work
> Deliverances whose tale shall live with those
> Of the great elder time!"

"Too late," is it? No wonder you think so, but it is *not* yet too late. You see things through the mists of wasted years. Wake to the work even *now*, the twelfth hour though it be! join yourselves even *now*, to those already "in harness on the RIGHT:" for only *so* did he you make your example as a man, and your worship as a God, deem it "*becoming*" "to fulfil righteousness."*

> "Why hath heaven poured forth courage as a flame,
> Wasting these offered hearts which must be stilled
> The sooner for that swift consuming brightness,
> If not to quell your doubt and your despair,
> And your soul's torpor! *yet* ARISE AND ARM—
> It shall not be too late!"

This is your only wisdom as well as your only duty—to join yourselves to them who have made straight your way before you! Is it by having lain stone-still and stupid all these idle years, that men think to have got the wisdom—the prudence—the energy to accomplish them for such an hour as this? They mistake in thinking so. Let them not think it shame to learn of us, humble though we individually are. It is to our lofty moral position; to our ennobling and exalting cause that we invite you; to the adoption of our holy principles;—to the use of our simple but effectual measures that we urge you. We warn you against holding back, because we have taken the lead of the advance. The members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, seeing the only course, had no choice in this matter. They *must* be faithful to the right, and so ought you to be. Reject not the advice which watching and working, while you slept, qualifies us to give. Do as common sense dictates to you in your business relations. When you find *them* used to your destruction—when you see your funds diverted against your will, to nefarious purposes, and your names used to strengthen baseness, do you *then* fail of knowing what course to take? Never. YOU DISSOLVE THE UNION. What else is left for you now! To what purpose denounce, with the lip, the sin the right hand upholds! What right have you, man of the North, to complain of the Annexation of Texas, as extending the area of Slavery, who are at this hour under oath, and *under arms too*, to hold the planter's slaves for him, within the constitutional limits of the United States? Protests are idle, but as the herald of acts. What more would you wait for! Have not the free States, in the person of Massachusetts, undergone what *should* be the severing blow—the last possible indignity; a wrong that would have driven a declaration of war even from between the slow-moving valves of the slowest European Cabinet door, as a ball is sent from the cannon mouth! and yet hear the noblest man of his State, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, talk of *constitutional* abolition, while the discharge of artillery announces the annexation of Texas! That act leaves the Constitution a broken wreck upon the political ocean! Those sounds are the signal guns of the parting vessel; and only that they might waken the dead hearts of Northern statesmen to becoming action. The American Anti-Slavery Society cannot, dare not assist any such paralyzing process as "*constitutional* abolition," and it calls upon all who have the souls of men left within them, to peril all things—even the miserable lingering hope of popularity with a degraded people, for the glorious hope of our country's salvation. The American Anti-Slavery Society adjures every awakening statesman to urge onward the inevitable revolution; to announce it as his immutable determination to restore the desecrated principles of our political and religious faith.

But it seems the way of Providence, that "the wise shall be taken in their craftiness," that "their eyes shall be holden that they shall not see" the dangers of delay. Oh! that they knew in this their day, the things that belong to statesmanship, manliness, and honor. They would rally the people on every hill-side, and in every valley. They would turn their faces from the South as from the wasting pestilence. One short year, well employed by them, would show the world a renovated nation.

Judge by the wretched drivelling with which this hour's stern work is met, whether they are likely to rise to the heighth of its demands. See them standing still to be manacled, and venturing only feeble suggestions on the fashion of the fetters. "Bind us not by resolution, but by treaty"—they cry! "Shame! shame!"—is the response of just indignant reprobation, such as it is the duty of a MAN to feel! The people of the free States have been over and over again sold in the market. Will they *stay* sold!

The American Society makes its appeal to the people in confidence, that they will not sanction their own bondage—though they have basely covenanted for that of the slave. May we not rely upon the lingering remnants of human character that makes the fugitive turn his face northward? If we may, now is the hour for their exhibition, Legislatively—Ecclesiastically—individually—by convention—by the press—by the voice. In every way which Northern feeling ever finds utterance, let it now be heard, like the sound of many mingling waters. Let it not be an *uncertain* sound. Let there be no "*if*" to act as a peace-maker between truth and a lie:—no "*but*"

> "Which is a jailer to bring forth
> Some monstrous malefactor.

Let every voice that speaks, say to the South as one—

"WE will abolish Slavery in *our* measure *immediately*. WE WILL NOT HOLD SLAVES WITH YOU ANOTHER HOUR! Then this baleful star of Texas will fall like unripe fruit, as those that fell from the heavens in the vision of the Apocalypse. Then those who look upon our nation crying, "roto perpetua"—will have their heart's desire. Whoso, in this field of right, sows in despair, shall reap a glorious harvest. Whoso loseth his life shall find it. Whoso dissolves his union with slaveholders, shall in that same proportion, preserve these States united and safe. There is but one danger to our country or to ourselves—falsehood to our free principles. If even so few as we, continue faithful to these, the *basis* only of our Union will be changed—from Slavery to Freedom,—while the Union itself will be more strongly cemented than it has ever before been. To this work we would devote ourselves, though we *alone* should be left to carry it forward.

But we are *not* alone. The spirits of the good and great of all ages are round about our humble band. The souls of those who have left this work to us in solemn testament of death, are evermore strengthening our weakness. To this end was the world made, that all men should be FREE; and therefore the success of the American Anti-Slavery Society is sure.—c.

* Jesus to John at his baptism.

Peace or War.

The signs of the times are that the iniquity of Annexation is not to be consummated without the addition of the further iniquity of War also, and such a war as the world has not looked upon for centuries:—indeed such as the world never looked upon, for it is reserved for this most Christian and civilized nation in the nineteenth century to buckle on its armor in defence, of and for the perpetuation of, chattel slavery. At any rate, if these signs shall fail and we shall not come to the extremity of war, we may thank the weakness or the forbearance of Mexico, and not the virtue of the United States. But whether the alternative shall be presented to us or not, it becomes us as wise men to be prepared for the worst, and it is a question for every man to put to his own conscience whether he will support such a war as may ensue, and carried on for such a purpose.

The slave power is determined to consummate the Annexation of Texas at any rate and by any means. It fears no home influence. The bluster of the North, indulged in through the Legislatures of different States, through leading bravado articles of various public journals, and the speeches of leading men in both political parties, has all ended, as bluster always does, in cowardly acquiescence. Where now is Massachusetts that passed such brave Resolutions? Where now is New-York, and Vermont, and Connecticut? Where now is the New-York Tribune, the Boston Atlas, the Albany Evening Journal, and even the Boston and the New-York Posts? Where is the Whig Delegation in Congress, with Mr. Adams at their head, that warned the South that she was hazarding the Union? Where is Webster, and Choate, and Seward, and the men who in the Texas Convention in Boston, in January, pledged themselves against the consummation of this national iniquity, and Bryant and Sedgwick, and the other leading Democrats in this State, who not a year ago gave some token that there was some love of liberty and some true manliness in them yet? Where even is that public sentiment which even a year ago shrunk at the prospect of this public crime? They have spoken earlier or later in such terms as they dared, and were not heeded; and not being heeded, because they only spoke and will not act, they are silent now or gone over openly to the enemy. The South knew well with what and with whom she was dealing. The glistening bauble of commercial advantage, the loud or whispered threat of the party whip of overseership, the taunt of being wanting in our bastard patriotism, and the habit of obedience to party tyranny and the despotism of the slave power, have done the work which the South knew they would do, and which she always has done with the help of her Northern allies, with these weapons which she knows so well how to wield. A faint remonstrance and a timid warning is now all that is heard, and even that comes but seldom. It is the last dying echo of all those loud-mouthed protestations, and may be lost ere long in the din of preparation for battle in behalf of Slavery. Base and cowardly as the North has always been in her thousand acts of subserviency since she bound herself to her tyrant master, this last act of baseness and of cowardice exceeds them all. Even Liberty party, in whom something better might have been looked for, because she is young in iniquity, has avowed her preference to the perpetuation of Slavery if its extinction is to be bought by the sacrifice of the Union.

But if the slave power fears nothing at home, she fears much, and we may hope something, from abroad. Mexico, backed up by England and by France, may declare war. In that is the only hope, for in that event, if the North can be brought to be true to herself and to liberty, Annexation may yet be defeated. Here is a new issue. Men have quieted their consciences, heretofore, by saying they have done what they could by speaking and voting, and have acquiesced at last because they could do nothing more. Can they quiet their consciences as easily when called upon to shoulder their muskets? The Government dare not involve us in a war if there be a strong determination expressed against it from a considerable minority of the North. Here is one chance left us of defeating this Texas iniquity, and it is worth the trial. And should we not gain the end proposed, we may at least hold ourselves guiltless of this crime of blood.

Let us be up then and about the work. The peace Pledge is the first and simplest instrumentality which may be in the hands of everybody. It should be circulated far and wide. The opportunity to sign should be given to everybody. Our friends in every town should call meetings immediately and appoint Committees, whose duty it shall be to circulate the Pledge, and solicit signatures. Tens of thousands of names may be procured, if that diligence is used which was used in the earlier days of the cause, to circulate petitions. They will have a mighty influence upon the action of Government. But the work should not stop here. Public meetings should be called everywhere *on the state of the country*. Committees of safety should be appointed, as they were before the Revolution in Massachusetts, to circulate information, to correspond with other and central Committees, to call meetings, and attend them; and to see that the Pledges are kept moving. A great work may—nay, it *must*, if there is any of the true spirit of Anti-Slavery left in us—be done with comparatively little labor, though we should not think nor speak of labor in such a cause. Our friends in Massachusetts are already maturing their plans, and commencing their work. The other States should not be behind them. But beside the meetings to be held now, and as often and as numerously as they can be, arrangements should be made—as they are already in some places—for great mass Conventions at central points on the 1st of August. Our jubilee day must be made a day of work. We must look then, not backward, but forward.

This is our plan for agitation at the present moment. Will the friends everywhere co-operate and set themselves about the work? Will some one individual in every town consider it his duty *now, this week*,—for no time is to be lost—to call a meeting and attend to the appointment of Committees, and set the machinery at work? We have begun in this city, dead and pro-slavery as it is. Wm. H. Channing, the originator of the movement, made it the special object of discourse to his Society on Sunday last. It was a noble beginning, and the fruit, in signers to the Pledge, was greater than we had anticipated. Will every Anti-Slavery, and every Peace minister follow his noble example? Let him pin the pledge to his pulpit cushion, and point his people to it every Sunday. He cannot better use the day, nor the place. Let all others be as faithful in their respective spheres, and with the blessing of God we will do a work in this matter which shall *tell* upon Slavery and its abettors. Let all go to work in earnest.

After next week I shall hold myself in readiness to attend any meetings at a convenient distance from the city. Some other persons here will do the same.—c.

* The Prospectus next week.

Meeting at Alton.

The State Society of Illinois, were to hold their annual meeting at Alton, on Wednesday, the 4th instant. It is an interesting spot to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting, and doubtless the occasion was one of deep interest to those present. No news of the meeting has yet reached me, but a friend in Alton, in a private letter, thus writes me of the anticipations concerning it, and of the character of Alton:

"There is not, I believe, *one* thorough Abolitionist in Alton, and the meeting is much deprecated as likely to result in evil. The contiguity to a slave State has to be acknowledged by the best, and alas! that it should be so—and yielded to, also. It is most probable that as many as a hundred of the lowest rowdies will be up from St. Louis, on the occasion, to work mischief, and help will not be wanted here. ——— and myself will be the only women present, I presume. * * It is ludicrous to hear these anti-agitation people say that they have nothing to do with Slavery, when here, in their own town, and under their own eyes, a company of five colored men who *had* the manliness to flee from Slavery—and this, it is admitted, should ensure them their liberty—were hunted out by means of a bribe, and carried in triumph on board our own steamer down to St. Louis, that their chains might be the firmer riveted. Nor is this a solitary instance here. * * Henry Clay comes also on that day, (Wednesday,) to sell land he owns here on an island in the river, some miles long, I believe."

Probably the result of the meeting will be known before another week is over. It may be that Mr. Clay will have an opportunity of witnessing the devotion of the people of a free State to the "Peculiar Institution."

Twelfth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

This document was almost destroyed by fire the day after it was presented. It can hardly be re-written in the same words, so as to entitle it to the name of the same report; but the Secretary will do everything practicable in the fulfilment of the duties of that office; and the substance of the report will therefore appear from time to time in the Standard, in order to meet the wishes of those members of the Society who are desirous to see in print, in a condensed form, the information it gives of

(1) The History of the Society.
(2) Its doings during the year 1845.
(3) Political aspect of the country towards the Cause.
(4) Ecclesiastical aspect.
(5) Domestic relations of the American Society.
(6) Foreign relations.

This day's paper contains the sketch of the political aspect of the country to our cause, as affording arguments for the active circulation of the *Anti-Slavery Peace Pledge* and the *Disunion Pledge*.—c.

☞ Notice. ☜

A meeting of the Abolitionists of New-York and Brooklyn will be held in this office, No. 142 Nassau St. this (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock, precisely. It is in contemplation to hold a series of public meetings in this city and vicinity at the earliest practicable period, to circulate and obtain signatures to the Pledges. Other important business will come before the meeting on Friday, and an early and punctual attendance is earnestly requested. If there are more than half a dozen Abolitionists in New-York, I trust they will show themselves. It will be understood that this call is of course irrespective of sex, color, creed or condition.

New Papers.

The first number of Cassius M. Clay's paper is published. I had the satisfaction of seeing only that it was a handsome and well-filled sheet, when somebody was kind enough to carry off my copy. I venture, nevertheless, without knowing much of the quality of his arms and armor, to welcome the new ecmbatant into our ranks. He is no carpet knight, and I hope to see his crest always where the dust and din of battle is the thickest. He will not be likely, unless I much mistake his quality, to sit with lance in rest awaiting a foe. He needs not to be reminded that the fight must be aggressive to be effectual. A heavy weight of responsibility rests upon his shoulders, but if he be as faithful, as I do not doubt he will, he will not have to wait so long to see slavery abolished in Kentucky, as Northern Abolitionists have to see an Anti-Slavery paper established beyond our southern border. The battle is almost over when it is begun there.

I have received the first number of a paper just commenced in Philadelphia, entitled the Reformer. It is to be devoted to the interests of the laboring classes. The following is the announcement of its principles:

"We hold the following to be Christian truths:

"1. That a fair compensation for his labor, of whatever kind, is the inalienable right of every man.

"2. That whosoever, by taking advantage of competition, or the poverty of his fellow-creatures, obtains labor, or the profits of labor, at a less price than what he himself knows to be fair and just, commits robbery in the sight of God.

"3. That it is the bounden, and one of the most important duties of every Government, to secure to each of its subjects or citizens, a fair compensation for his or her labor."

The specimen number is conducted with great ability. Of Slavery, it speaks in strong terms of condemnation, without any of the usual alloy of abuse of Abolitionists. It is published by Henry Peterson.

In another column will be found the prospectus of a periodical, to be called the Covenanter.* The editor writes me that it will be thoroughly anti-slavery, and will maintain the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in relation to the Government of the United States. He adds: "In order to sustain it, we will look to our non-voting abolition friends, and we trust we will not look in vain. We may differ from many of them on other points, but the points of agreement are so strong that we think we may safely calculate on their support to a considerable extent." I hope he may receive it. Such a publication will be a valuable auxiliary to our cause, and will spread a knowledge of our principles among the Covenanters who are entirely in unity with us in our anti-slavery measures.

The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have made arrangements to issue the Reporter regularly once a month. It is to be published in this city, and edited by Amos A. Phelps. Of course, it is to be devoted to Liberty party.

* The Prospectus next week.

TO-DAY'S PAPER.—Our pro-slavery column is unusually rich this week. It makes most amusing reading. The letter from the New-York Observer is more full of venom, and downright hearty hatred of the Anti-Slavery cause than anything I have seen for a long time. "Prester John" tries to hide the same spirit under the garb of good humor, but the hoof of the real creature peeps out from beneath the disguise. The "Pen and Ink Sketch," from the Boston Atlas, will be read with interest. It is one of a series which is in course of publication in that paper, and which are attributed by many to Mr. J. D. Ross, an Englishman who arrived in this country within the past year. Mr. Ross is said to be a reformed inebriate. He has the reputation of being a man of brilliant talents, and has been connected for several years with periodicals of high standing, among them, The London Punch—"that truly religious publication," as a friend calls it, in allusion to its uniform and strong tone of humanity and sympathy for the poor. More of these "sketches" will be published hereafter, if I can get them. The earliest numbers were burnt up in my desk.

A letter from Mr. Calhoun, to some persons in Alabama, showing the motives of the South in seeking Annexation, came too late for insertion this week. It is an important document, and will be published in the next paper.

Death of General Jackson.

The Louisville papers which reached this city on Monday, brought the tidings of the death of General Jackson at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. It of course produced some sensation. The following particulars are from the Louisville Democrat.

GENERAL JACKSON IS DEAD.—The term of his eventful life closed on Sunday evening last, at six o'clock. On Sunday morning the report reached Nashville, that he had expired, owing to his having fainted away, in the attempt to remove him from his chair to his bed.

He, however, recovered for a few hours. A short time before his death, he took an affectionate leave of his friends and domestics, retaining to the last his senses and intellect unclouded. He expired with the utmost calmness, expressing the highest confidence in a happy immortality through a Redeemer.

☞ Our coadjutor, the Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, has given a report in the columns of the Christian World, of the recent clerical convention at Boston, for the discussion of duty on the subject of Slavery, which shows a most deplorable state of heart in Dr. Gannett, one of the leaders of American Unitarianism. If "like people like priest" be a true word, Dr. Gannett's congregation must be deeply implicated in the sin of Slavery. The Report is on the first page.

Convention at Cincinnati.

This Convention assembled on the 11th instant, and organized by appointing James G. Birney, Chairman, and other Liberty party men as Vice Presidents and Secretaries. It is essentially a Liberty party Convention although it was distinctly denied in the Philanthropist that such was intended. No doubt the object was to get distinguished men from other parties there under the call, that capital might be made for Liberty party. It is a bad sign when a ship shows false colors.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* To the Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland; by J. Oswald Murray. "Whatsoever thou findest to do, do it with thy might." *Miscellany:* A Breakfast at Samuel Rogers's. Mr. Wise and the Slaver. Prospects of General Peace; by E. Burritt.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Peculiar Institution:* Washington's Runaway Slave. Extract from Barre Gazette. *Pro-Slavery:* Marlboro' Chapel Gathering; New-York Observer. To the Elect Lady; Boston Courier. Mr. Bulfinch's Speech at Unitarian Convention. New England Convention; Morning Star. Extract from Christian Mirror. *Selections:* Discussion on Slavery; Christian World. Trial of Capt. Flowery; Boston Advertiser.

SECOND PAGE.—*Selections:* Virginia and New England compared. *Communications:* Letter from G. B. Stebbins. Joseph A. Dugdale and the Society of Friends.

ERRATA.—In last week's paper, in the critique on Douglass's Narrative, for "impressment," read impressiveness. In article on Hâiti, in the second paragraph, sixth line from the bottom, for "thoroughly and impartially," read thoroughness and impartiality.

NEW DEFINITION.—The right of Free *speech*—*not* to make long *speeches*. By N. P. Rogers, in the last The Herald.

MISSING PAPERS.—Will some friend who has them to spare be kind enough to send me Nos. 12 and 37, of Vol. 5, of the Standard.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—Henry Clay is said to have recently taken a bad cold.

☞ The request of our friend in South Carolina shall be complied with as soon as we have room.

☞ THE WESTERN TRANSCRIPT, Dr. Brisbane's paper, is stopped for want of support. It was an excellent paper and conducted with ability and fairness.

☞ W. W. Brown's address for the future will be, Farmington, Ontario county, instead of Buffalo. Liberator please copy.

Recent Publications.

Philothea: A Grecian Romance. By Mrs. Child. C. S. Francis, & Co. Broadway, have just published a new and corrected edition of this book, neatly and handsomely got up, as everything of theirs is. It was much needed, as the old one was out of print, and the book has lost none of its deserved popularity. It is not necessary to give it an extended notice, as it is probably familiar to every one of our readers. Those who have read it once, will be glad to get possession of this handsome copy, and those who have not, had better do so at once. The preface explains its character:

This volume is purely romance; and most readers will consider it romance of the wildest kind. A few kindred spirits, prone to people space "with life and mystical predominance," will perceive a light *within* the Grecian Temple."

For such I have written it. To minds of different mould, who may think an apology necessary for what they deem so utterly useless, I have nothing better to offer than the simple fact that I found delight in doing it.

It is for sale at Francis's, 252 Broadway, and at J. H. Francis's, 138 Washington St. Boston.

Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, written by himself.—An extended notice of this work was given in last week's paper. I recur to it now only to say that it is for sale at this office, and at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston and Philadelphia. It should be sold as fast as it can be printed, for to my thinking, we can hardly have a more powerful agent abroad. Apart from the deep interest which we all feel in its author as a personal friend and a fugitive slave, no one can read this book without a strong feeling of admiration for him, and increased hatred for a system which only half a dozen years held him as a chattel on a Southern plantation, and would hold him there still if it could get hold of him. Send in your orders.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from Mexico.

The British sloop of war Eurydice, Captain Elliott, arrived off the Balize, says the *N. O. Tropic*, of the 3d instant, on Saturday, in eight days from Vera Cruz. Captain Elliott, and a party of officers belonging to his ship, came up to the city yesterday. We understand that the Eurydice brings despatches from the British Minister in Mexico, but we have been unable to learn their destination.

A private letter from Vera Cruz, received by this arrival, states that the English are moving heaven and earth to accomplish "something." What the "something" is the writer leaves to the imagination of his correspondent, he not deigning to make further disclosures.

Regarding the treaty between Texas and Mexico, the Mexican Government finds itself in dilemma which precipitate action might render dangerous. They have raised a war spirit which they discover they cannot quell, and which even to conciliate appears to be hazardous. Notwithstanding the large majority which the treaty or the authority to treat, obtained in the Mexican Congress, having passed the chamber by a vote of 43 to 13, and the Senate by 30 to 6, the measure is exceedingly unpopular with the people. The adherents of Santa Anna, and malcontents of every hue and kind, encourage all forms of opposition to the existing Government. Knowing the inability of Mexico to engage with the United States in war, and confident that she cannot rely upon England for assistance, they represent to the ignorant multitudes the invasion of this country is a task of easy accomplishment, and that the British Government only waits the word to join them against us. The people are, therefore, madly in favor of war, and the adoption of any course by the existing Government having a peaceful tendency, will more than propable result in its overthrow. The friends of Santa Anna, and the opposition generally, stimulate this warlike spirit to the utmost, and one of two things is almost certain, either that the existing Government will declare war against the United States, or that a new revolution will speedily break out and sweep it from existence.

No attempts are made in Mexico, to disguise the deep and active interest which Great Britain takes in everything calculated to prevent the effectuation of the Annexation measure. It is said that to accomplish her ends, she offers to pay the debts of Texas, and to assume for Mexico ten millions of her English bonds, guaranteeing independence to the one, and security from the inroads of the United States to the other.

LATER STILL.—By the arrival of the Mexican steamer Neptuno, at Charleston, via Havana, on Thursday last the news is brought of the banishment of Santa Anna. He arrived in Havana on the 7th instant, with his family, on board the British steamer Medway.

Later from Texas.

The steamship New-York arrived at this port yesterday, from Texas. She left Galveston on the 4th instant, to which date she brings us files of papers.

The United States revenue cutter Woodbury, arrived at Galveston on the 3d instant, with despatches for the American Minister.

All was quiet on the Texas frontier, not a single Indian disturbance being noted in any of our exchanges.

We have received verbal intelligence by this arrival to the effect that the Mexicans are really concentrating a large force on the Rio Grande, preparatory to a war in case Texas should agree to Annexation. Our informant states farther, that the feeling in the latter country is thoroughly warlike—the talk is of nothing else than a brush with Mexico, if she wishes it—and in addition that the propositions of Mexico and England will be promptly rejected.

Capt. Elliott, the British Chargé to Texas, reached Galveston on the evening of the 30th ultimo, on a French man-of-war brig. The Civilian says it is understood that he brought further overtures from Mexico for an acknowledgment of the independence of Texas. He proceeded to the seat of Government on Monday morning. The precise character of the propositions brought is not known, but if they be of the nature intimated, they will probably, says the Civilian, "be laid before the public in a very short time."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from May 15, to June 16, 1845.

Stephen Thomas, Cassville, N. Y.		$2 00
Wm. Tate, Philomont, Va.		1 00
E. Lukens, Marib ro, O.		1 00
Lydia E. Chace, Worcester, Mass.		2 00
W. H. Channing, New-York,		2 00
Z. C. Johnson, Wheeling, Va.		2 00
Joshua Small, Marion, Ia.		2 00
Rowland T. Robinson, N. Ferrisburgh, Vt.		5 00
A. M. Green, Port Byron,		4 00
Joseph Shreve, Damascus, O.		1 00
Betsy Hoxie, Williamson, N. Y.		2 00
Isaac Winslow, Boston,		2 00
Christopher Greene, Bridgewater, Mass.		2 00
Emma Willard, Uxbridge,	"	2 00
J. C. Ray, New Bedford,	"	2 00
Mrs. J. Clapp, Leicester,	"	2 00
Daniel N. Haskell, Boston,	"	2 00
John Curtis,	" "	2 00
Thomas A. Greene, New Bedford,	"	2 00
James C. Fuller, Skeneateles, N. Y.		2 00
A. Young, Milton,	"	60
John Young, "	"	18
David Ketcham, Pleasant Valley,	"	2 00
Reuben Mosher, North Galway,	"	2 00
		—— 46 78

(Remainder next week.)

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

A quarterly meeting of the Worcester county (South Division) Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Uxbridge, in the Unitarian meeting-house, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 25th and 26th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

We have assurances of the presence of Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, to assist in the deliberations of the meeting. We also hope to see other speakers from abroad.

All the friends of Freedom, (including members of the Society,) are hereby invited to cheer us with their presence and support.

Especially do we invite all candid and honest believers in the tendency of our principles or our measures to impair the blessings of civilization and religion by which we are surrounded, to come forward in defence of their own positions, having any relevancy to the subject matter of the meeting. J. M. FISK, President.

GEORGE EVANS, Secretary.

The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of three dollars, from friends in Aurora, Cayuga county, by the hand of T. J. Thomas, for the New-York Committee of Vigilance. C. B. RAY.

ABOLITIONISTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR FRIENDS,—*The Annual Fair* of the *Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society*, will be held in this city on the *first Wednesday* (Commencement Day) of September, 1845.

On behalf of this Fair, we would address not only the friends of Freedom in Rhode Island, but the enemies of Slavery everywhere. "Our Country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind." We are endeavoring to overcome, not only *our* foes, but the foe of universal freedom and of all freemen. The *spirit* of Slavery recognizes, not geographical limits, neither should the saving spirit of freedom. The friends of *Slavery* make common cause. They pour out their sympathy to each other in overwhelming currents. Why should localities throw the cramping cords of restraint around the *energies*, and the blasting influences of non-co-operation, about the *fellowship* of the truly free?

The recent startling and bloody aggressions of the slave spirit in threatening, imprisoning, branding, shooting, and murdering those of our brethren who dare feel, speak, and act for the bondman as bound with him; who dare think that mercy is *not* a crime, call for strengthened and more powerful, nay, unwearied exertions—more self-denial—personal sacrifice on our part, that we may bid the monster back to the hellish place of its birth. As a nation, we are on the verge of ruin. The prisons, the bloody defiance of the oppressor—the cry of our murdered brother's blood, from every mountain and valley—plain and swamp, of the South;—the shriek of the captured fugitive, as he is hurled back to bondage by slavery's northern "hell dogs;"—all these and more, proclaim to us that inaction is *treason*, and silence, *crime*.

Come and help us. Help us expel from the world a monster spirit that gluts upon the liberties and lives of God's free men. Be not penurious—"As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Your own bodies are imprisoned—the fetters are on *your* limbs—the iron in *your* soul—inasmuch as this is your brother's fate.

Give us of your substance—no matter of what name, kind or nature it may be—everything—anything will be valuable. Almost *every* person has *something* that may be devoted to this purpose. Will you not hunt it up? Do it for humanity's sake—for God's sake—for your own sake.

All contributions, or communications for information or otherwise, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance Streets, care of Amarancy Paine.

S. R. Harris,	*Hannah B. Shove.*
Mary R. Clarke,	*Lucretia Francis,*
Abby Thurber,	*Olive Taber,*
Sarah B. R. Foster,	*Abby A. Lake,*
Caroline Ashley.	*Abby Burgess,*
Sarah R. Smith,	*Mary Smith.*
Elizabeth H. Brown,	*Amarancy Paine.*

PROVIDENCE, May 10th, 1845.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trusting that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,	*Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless,	*Martha Corman,*
Lydia Gillingham,	*Sarah Douglass,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Lewis,*
Elizabeth J. Neall,	*Margaret Jones.*
Olive Bacon,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Susan Grew,	*Margaret Griscom,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Teresa K. Hallowell,*

Mary T. Stickney.

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of an *excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is five stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour.* The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

This property cost $20,000, and is now offered at the low sum of $8,500—$3,000 only required in hand.

For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.			**IRON.**		
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.75	a 3.81½	Pig, Eng. & Scotch	40.00	a 42.50
Pearl	4.00	a 4.06½	do. American	37.50	a 40.00
CANDLES.			Bar do. rolled	95.00	a —
Mould, tallow lb.	9	a 11	do. Russia P.S.I.	105.00	a 110.00
Sperm	27	a 29	do. do. N. Sable	—	a —
Stearic do.	20	a 24	do. Swedes	90.00	a 92.50
COAL.			do. Eng. com.	80.00	a 85.00
Liverpool, chaldron,	8.75	a 8.87½	do. do. refined	95.00	a —
Newcastle	8.50	a 9.50	Sheet E. & Am. lb.	5½	a 6
Scotch	7.50	a 8.00	Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.75	a 7.00
Sidney and Pictou	8.00	a 8.50	**LEAD.**		

Poetry.

From the Liberty Bell, for 1845.

TO THE MINISTERS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, ON THEIR ACCEPTING THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF SLAVEHOLDERS, AND DEFENDING THEIR DOING SO BY SPEECHES PALLIATING SLAVERY.

BY J. OSWALD MURRAY.

So ye will take the vile accursed gold,
The price of human wrongs and human tears,
And then, with canting sophistry, uphold
The treachery, to our ears!

And ye will stretch the hand to Southern lords,
Lords of the whip and fetter, and of Man;
The cry of kindred blood, more deep than words,
Ye'll stifle if ye can!

Ye, who so lately struck for Freedom's sake,
So soon become Iscariots to the cause!
Recreant when Manhood, Freedom is at stake,
All for a little dross!

Even Pharisaic hypocrites of old
Cast from the Temple's sacred treasury
The price of blood, the stained, ill-gotten gold,
The cursed Judas-fee.

But ye, the priests of better, clearer times,
Priests of a church that *calls* itself the Free,
Can travel eagerly to distant climes,
To share with Slavery!

Have ye forgot the deep, condign disgrace
Ages have heaped upon the traitor's name,
That ye so willingly assume his place,
And rush to share his shame?

Leave ye, henceforth, the Hero who declared
"Unto the least of these it is to me;"
To follow thus the faithless wretch who dared
The blackest treachery!

Then in man's memory be your names abhorred!
The finger of disgrace on you be turned!
The infamy of him who sold his Lord,
Your coward souls have earned.

Lo! in the crannies of your churches, men
Will see the Slave's blood with the mortar mixed;
On every pane of your dim Bibles then
Shall gory stains be fixed:

And in the pauses of each saintly song
The music of his groans shall greet your ears;
And through your long-drawn prayers shall sound the strong
Down-dropping of his tears!

And in your churches, on nights dark and lonely,
Slave-women's shrieks shall quiver in the air;
And *men* shall flee their hated pews, and only
Slaves like yourselves sit there.

"Whatsoever thou findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Press on! the Master needeth,
Thine arm of youthful strength,
For mighty ones are falling,
All powerless, at length.
For mighty heads are bowing,
And souls, that never quailed
With fear, at peril knowing,
In feebleness have failed.

Arise! gird on their armor,
Their fallen weapons raise,
And in the love of Heaven,
Go forth—His name to praise.

Darkens thy path before thee?
Press on, still undismayed,
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,
Though earth is wrapped in shade.
And He thy Trust, hath given,
With word from swerving free,
The angels of high Heaven,
A charge concerning thee.

That though thy feet may falter,
E'en in thy being's morn,
And from Hope's burning altar,
Thy light may seem withdrawn:
Thou yet shall bless in sorrow,
The chastenings of the rod,
Proving thy sure adoption
As the beloved of God.

For from thy self-prostration,
Thou shalt awake in power,
From tears and lamentation,
To conquest every hour.
Strong, in thy perfect weakness,
Thy strength shall never fail,
Mighty, in holy meekness,
Thine arm shall e'er prevail.

From Pisgah's lofty summit,
Behold the promise throne,
Press on till thou hast won it,
With its rejoicing crown.
Press on! though the earth allure thee,
Till all its brightness gone,
It may to pain inure thee,
"There's rest in Heaven,"—press on!

God bless thy youth's bright promise,
God grant, that on thy head
Gifts glorious and enduring,
May evermore be shed.
God be thy succor given,
Thy soul from gloom to raise,
Till earth shall liken Heaven,
In holy works and ways—
Till, with seraphic feeling,
Thy path in weakness trod,
Should view—its close revealing,
The Paradise of God!

Miscellany.

From the Boston Atlas.

Pen and Ink Sketches

OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

A Literary Breakfast at Samuel Rogers's.

Hook was at that time beginning to "*break*" as it is called. His hair had in a great measure fallen off from his temples, and the short curly locks were thickly streaked with gray—but the brilliancy of his eye was undimmed, and scarcely any of its fire was quenched. He was not, however, so elastic in his movements as he had been, even about a twelvemonth before, when I had met him at one of the Literary Fund dinners. At this time, he was editing the "JOHN BULL" newspaper, and employed, too, in occasionally contributing to some of the magazines. The work of the newspaper was by no means heavy, but his time was so taken up in visiting his noble friends and admirers, that he too often neglected the necessary work of the journal, until the latter end of the week, when he was compelled to write with railroad speed, and often carelessly, to the great peril of his brilliant reputation. It was no uncommon thing, at this time, for Hook to leave a pleasant party at the house of one of his patrons, far in the country, on Friday evening, post rapidly some score of miles to London, write off his articles in the John Bull office, during the night, and return to the house of his host by breakfast-time the next morning. During all this period of hard work, for his necessities compelled his pen to be incessantly going, he appeared the same light-hearted, dashing, care-for-naught, reckless man of the world as ever. Scarcely a day passed without his appearing in some party, as its most attractive star, and certain circles were deemed incomplete, unless they were graced by his fascinating presence. Perhaps there never existed a more general favorite in a certain class of society than THEODORE HOOK. He was always delightful, and never coarse. His wit played around and lighted up every subject which engaged his attention, and so varied were his acquirements, that he seemed the very Admirable Crichton of his day.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his last and most profound novel, "Coningsby," has admirably hit off the character of Hook, under the assumed name of Lucian Gay, and to that work I would refer the reader, who may be anxious to learn more of the author of "Sayings and Doings." Poor Hook! Not many years after the time to which I am now more especially referring, whilst the world was yet ringing with his praises, he lay hopelessly on a sick bed, with poverty staring him in the face. To the last degree careless about money matters, he had made no provision for the evil day, and as is generally the case, his butterfly-friends, who had enjoyed his society whilst it was worth having, left the dying wit to pass alone through the weary hours of sickness.

A great deal has been said about Hook's power of extemporaneous song-making. It was indeed wonderful.

"Rhyming to him was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'twas to whistle."

I was once present at a party of which Hook made one. There were upwards of fifty present, all of them connected with literature; it was at the house of a gentleman at Brompton, who was then the editor of one of the leading weekly critical journals. Late in the evening, after the bottle had circulated pretty freely, toasts and songs were the order of the night, and Hook was called on to contribute his quota to the evening's amusement. He rattled off an extemporaneous song, the third line of each stanza ending with the name of some individual of the party; in the fourth line he brought in a rhyme to the name, and often so unexpectedly ludicrous were the allusions made, that each sally was received with bursts of obstreperous mirth. There was not a single person in the room who escaped his running fire—the very servants were included, and trifling incidents which occurred during the singing of the song were seized hold of and turned to account. It certainly was a wonderful effort of genius, for in many of the verses great poetic power was exhibited. How I wished that a stenographer had been present. Some one has said that had Hook's productions of this kind *only* been committed to paper, just as they fell from his lips, and published without the least alteration, they would have exceeded in quantity and quality his published works, and secured to him a brilliant reputation. Thus, however, was much of his genius frittered away.

A breakfast party was not exactly the sort of thing to bring Theodore out; his genius required, for its full development, the flashing aid of wax candles, and the incessant fire of champagne corks. I do not mean to say that he could not be attractive over Congou or Hyson; but all who knew him will agree with me in saying, that Theodore Hook, in the morning and evening, were, apparently, the opposites of each other. At all times he was fascinating, but it was when surrounded by choice spirits, and he had for a time flung care to the winds, that his powers of enchaining all within the sound of his voice were most potent.

Amongst the guests, was a gentleman who had created a new school of literature, by making the Newgate Callender his text-book; for Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth seems to have taken especial delight in dishing up for his readers chronicles of crime, and records of rascality.

Ainsworth and George Cruikshank, appropriately enough, entered the apartment together. I say appropriately enough, because they were so intimately connected with each other, as Author and Artist, that they had, to the public eye, been for some time *Siamesed*. Ainsworth looked much like the portrait of him, prefixed to one of his recent volumes. He is strikingly handsome—his profile is well cut, and his upper lip has much of that regular curve, which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye is very dark, and piercing rather than brilliant. It is evident that he takes great pains with his hair, which is jet black, and falls in little ringlets, not altogether natural, I guess, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear somewhat foppish—and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook, which were marked with peculiar grace.

Who has not heard of George Cruikshank? The humorous, ever-toiling, indefatigable George? Some years since, a sketch of this inimitable caricaturist appeared in Fraser's Magazine, where he was represented seated on a cask, and sketching on a piece of paper, placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him, but as many of my readers may neither have seen that drawing or the original, I will try to describe him, as he appeared that morning at Rogers's.

Cruikshank is tall, and rather lanky in person—his head is well shaped, and his face very expressive—but pale and thin. His gray eyes are piercing and ever moving, or when they do rest on any object, seem at once to look *through* it. He has lightish colored hair, which he wears carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple, which is high and well developed, exposed, and also enormous whiskers. He sports moustaches of a very peculiar cut, which gives to his visage a half martial appearance. At first sight, most persons would take him for a foreigner.

Many might suppose that he, whose comic sketches has so often moved their risible muscles, has something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect. Such is not the case—he looks more like a Cynic than a comic illustrator. There is a sort of severe expression in his countenance, which at times is almost forbidding.

I did not get an opportunity of being near him, so that I could listen to his conversation; but I have heard that he is usually taciturn, and almost morose. I was told that he was seldom to be seen in society—and when we consider the vast amount of work which he gets through, this may easily be credited. For years past he has illustrated the best comic works which have appeared; and not only has he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his art. In proof of this, I need only refer the reader to some of his illustrations in Oliver Twist, especially that striking one of Fagin, in the condemned cell.

Whilst I was looking at Cruikshank, a gentleman of sombre look entered the room. He was clad in a suit of plain black, and in his deportment seemed diffident, even to shyness. There was but little about him to fix attention, save an expression of great kindness about his mouth. His eyes were really dull-looking, and his forehead, which was thinly covered with light hair, was by no means of an intellectual cast. Nevertheless, there was a certain *something* attractive about him, which engaged my attention, and made me anxious to know who he was.

Coleridge, by this time, was deep in talk with Mr. Sharon Turner, a feeble-looking, elderly gentleman, who is well known to every true lover of solid literature, as the "Middle Ages" author; and I did not venture to disturb him, for the purpose of inquiring who the new comer was—but observing Leigh Hunt leaning with his elbow on the marble mantel-piece, and having, before that morning, had the pleasure of an introduction to him, I crossed the room, and learned from him that the gentleman who had so excited my curiosity, was Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor,—better known by his assumed name of BARRY CORNWALL, the author of, amongst many other productions, "The Sea."

Mr. Proctor, it may not be generally known, on this side of the water, is a member of the legal profession, and occupies chambers in one of the inns of court, where he practises in the unpoetical vocation of a conveyancer. Hunt kindly introduced me to him—and I was as much charmed with his urbanity and affability as I had previously been with his poetry. He told me that he was a "stay-at-home man," and asked me to call on him at his chambers—an invitation which I accepted before I left London, and to which I may hereafter refer.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd sat near me, and as I had met him frequently, whilst on the Oxford Circuit, we were soon chatting familiarly together. The author of "Ion" is one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and never did any literary man enjoy, in a fuller degree, the esteem and admiration of his brother laborers in the same field. His face is not handsome, but it is indicative of great sweetness of disposition. His dark eyes glow with sensibility, and were not the lower portion of his face rather too full, its expression would be what is termed "sweet." Talfourd is a most industrious man, and I remarked to him, that I wondered how he could get through so much legal business and yet have time to woo the Muse. He replied, that he had need work hard, as he had the mouths of thirteen children to feed. As an advocate, Mr. Talfourd stands very high, and he is a general favorite with the Bar. His eloquence is rather of a persuasive character, and he elicits truth none the less effectually for using gentle means. It is really astonishing that he can, as he does, divest his mind of all the technicalities of law, and produce poetry of such beauty—but so it is. I remember being told by a tradesman of Monmouth, in whose house Mr. Talfourd used to lodge, when on the Oxford Circuit, that he would often listen for hours at Mr. T's. door, after Court hours, to hear him, as he walked up and down the room, recite poetry—it being Mr. Talfourd's habit to compose aloud, as he paces the room. The listener, (a tailor,) with quite an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him."

Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley, the celebrated reviewer, made one of the party. He is about the middle age, with a countenance fully indicative of the great powers which are universally ascribed to him. I saw but little of him, for he joined a group who were turning over a portfolio of water color drawings, and he left immediately after breakfast, unnoticed by me.

There was a good sprinkling of painters present, for Mr. Rogers is a munificent patron of the fine Arts. Unlike many who have wealth at their disposal, he, as may be readily supposed, possesses an exquisite taste—he is, indeed, fastidious, almost to a fault. When he resolved, some few years ago, on publishing a new edition of his Poems, he determined to have them illustrated in a style which should be superior to anything of the kind which had ever appeared before. He, therefore, commissioned Turner, Corbould, Creswick, Stothard, and others, to make a series of designs for the work. These celebrated painters sent in each a number of water color drawings of the choicest kind; but so particular was Mr. Rogers, that, from twenty to thirty, by an artist, he would select, perhaps, but one, although he paid liberally for the whole. And even after he had expended a large sum on the engraving of the chosen drawing, he would frequently alter his mind—cancel the plate, and have fresh designs made, until his taste or fancy was gratified. Money, to a man who could hang up a million of money in his library, was, of course, no object—and he had determined that his verses should go down to posterity, associated with all that was beautiful and refined in art. This work, it was said, cost Mr. Rogers, (for he undertook to pay the publisher the whole of the expenses, which no tradesman would have had the boldness to risk, however enterprising he might be,) about ten thousand pounds! and it will always remain as a memento of his wealth, genius, and taste.

Perhaps the most distinguished painter present was the late Sir David Wilkie. Wilkie was rather tall in stature, and his face indicated his Caledonian origin. There was a sedateness and shrewdness, withal, in his light gray eye—nothing brilliant, indeed—on the contrary, he would scarcely have attracted attention, had he not been so widely known and appreciated as the painter of the Blind Fiddler. His dress was remarkably unpretending in its style, and he looked more like a substantial tradesman, than a man of fine and original genius. He was very silent, and, in this respect, the opposite of Chantrey, who sat near him, chatting familiarly with each and every one who came in his way.

Nor did Chantrey *look* the great man he assuredly was. His habits of high living had made his frame gross and corpulent. His cheeks were puffed out, and it required some stretch of the imagination to feel that the rather thick and clumsy hands which I saw, were those which had modelled the exquisite statues of the Sleeping Children, in Litchfield Cathedral, or the wonderful brace of Birds which are, and will be, whilst genius shall be revered, such ornithological stony triumphs, at the late Earle of Leicester's seat at Holkham.

Had Sir Francis been less of a *goumand*, he might now have been alive; but, unfortunately, his epicurism brought on a diseased habit of body, and rendered it unable to withstand the shocks which incessant application rendered it subject to. He died not long afterward, in his chair, while seated at dinner, and partaking of one of his favorite dishes.

Honest Allan Cunningham accompanied Chantrey. Every one knows that "Honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott called him, was Chantrey's assistant. Cunningham was a tall, stout Scot, and looked more like a bluff farmer, fresh from the Grampians, than a poet. I never saw a man so devoid of affection, as he. When I was presented to him, for the first time, in Chantrey's studio, he gripped my hand in his monstrous bony fist, and squeezed it till I thought it had got into a vice; but it was a grasp of the right earnest sort. Chantrey was frequently more indebted to Cunningham for advice, with respect to his statues, than is generally known, and the great sculptor freely acknowledged this—but Allan, with a fine generosity, never would admit it. Poor Cunningham! he did not long survive his friend and patron—both are now subjects for "monumental marble" themselves.

"Who is that very thoughtful-looking personage talking with Talfourd?" I asked of Thomas Miller.

"That," he replied, "is Samuel Warren, the author of the celebrated 'Diary of a late Physician,' which appeared in Blackwood some time since."

Mr. Warren was anything but brilliant-looking; indeed, he had that sort of face which may be called "heavy." Still it was of a very thoughtful cast, and the high and broad forehead indicated powers of a very superior order. He seemed to be remarkably shy and retiring, and I noticed that, during the whole morning, he seldom exchanged a word with any one but the author of ION.

It may not generally be known that Mr. Warren is a son of Doctor Warren, a Wesleyan minister of Manchester—he is by profession a barrister, and travels on the Northern Circuit. His profession furnishes him with abundance of material, and a late tale of surpassing interest, in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled, "WE ARE ALL LOW PEOPLE THERE—A TALE OF THE ASSIZES," from his pen, is a proof of his tact in seizing on every day topics, and converting them into subjects of deep interest.

Mr. Warren was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied in the hospitals—a circumstance which accounts for the intimate acquaintance with professional matters which is evinced in his Physician's Diary. It is a curious circumstance connected with these papers, that they were offered to, and successively rejected by nearly all the leading English Magazines and thrown aside by the author as useless. A friend of Warren's persuaded him to offer them to Professor Wilson, and he sent them anonymously. They were accepted, and at once became popular. But it was not till many papers of the series had been before the public, that the Editor knew his correspondent. He afterwards wrote CALEB STOKELY; and rumor ascribes MARSTON, OR THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN, now publishing in "Old Ebony," to his pen, but I question much whether Warren is the author, and have good reasons for my doubts on the subject.

At this distance of time, I cannot call to mind half of the noticeable people who thronged Mr. Rogers's saloons that morning; for after the business of tea and coffee sipping had been concluded, there was a continual in-coming and out-going of persons, most of them "men of mark."

Hook, and a group of laughing companions, got together as usual in one of the ante-rooms, and the popping of champagne corks, mingling with short and merry laughter, proclaimed that he was in full fire. A champagne breakfast was much more to the taste of him and his circle, than that composed of less exciting fluids. I longed to be near them, to listen to some of the good things which doubtless were flying about, but Coleridge, who was somewhat feeble, was leaning on my arm, and I had no opportunity, (I am ashamed, almost, to say that I felt any inclination,) to quit him.

James Smith, with his frank, good-humored face, was a prominent attraction in the party. He was then, as indeed, he always was, in his latter days suffering from his inveterate foe, the gout. This confined him to his chair, which, being placed on castors, was wheeled about by a footman from one table to another. He seemed in excellent spirits, and kept all about him in good humor, with his racy stories. I never beheld such an instance of the features retaining their kindly expression, whilst that torturing disease racked the frame, as in the case of James Smith; he appeared to reject its addresses, *in toto*.

There were among the artists present, Martin, Turner, Etty, and Maclise, and also a young artist named Müller, who, I see by the recent notices of the Royal Academy Exhibition, is at present attracting considerable notice, in consequence of his picture of "A Dance at Zanthus." Martin is a little, common-place looking man, and would not seem to a casual observer to have an atom of poetry in his composition, and yet what magnificent designs he produces. His paintings are far inferior in *effect* to the engravings from them, which he himself executes. His water color drawings are wonderful, and some of them far superior to any public productions of his pencil. He is in the habit, I am told, of laying on his canvass *masses* of paint, of different colors, and then producing, from *chance* effects, some of his most wonderful pictures. I know not how true this may be, but at all events, it is not unlikely. It is a strange thing enough connected with his family history, that whilst he should delight in portraying magnificent edifices, his own brother should have nearly destroyed one of our most splendid ecclesiastical edifices, York Minster; Jonathan Martin having, during a fit of insanity, set fire to that venerable pile, and partially destroyed it, some years since.

Daniel Maclise, another Royal Academician, was a smart-looking fellow. He seemed quite young. His face was handsome, and his manners refined. He strolled about the room with Turner—a plain-looking man—although the most poetical of our painters: perhaps I should say *was* the most poetical—for I regret to add, that, of late years, his imagination has run riot. His recent productions are, many of them, positive absurdities—and would not be tolerated, if they were the work of any other hand.

Amongst the literati present, I must not omit to mention one, whose works are so extensively read in this country—and who certainly is one of the most, if not *the* most prolific writer of the age. I allude to Mr. James.

His personal appearance is by no means striking—rather beneath the middle size. His frame is far from graceful—but the expression of his countenance is calm and prepossessing. I should think him a very amiable man—industrious he certainly is. How he can possibly turn out novels at the rate he does, is a mystery—and, in the end, he *must* inevitably suffer by it—for his genius is not of so high an order, as to endure such repeated draughts on it. In society, he is generally reserved and sedate—but, I was told, he seldom leaves his study. In private life, no man is more respected. I had a brief conversation with him, in the course of which he informed me that he frequently dictated two novels at once, to two amanuenses. I question whether such a course is likely to benefit him, in the long run.

The party began to break up about 12 o'clock—somewhat later, I was informed, than usual. Mr. Rogers invited several; Coleridge amongst the rest, to return to a late dinner;—but the "Ancient Mariner" declined, somewhat to my mortification—for I should like to have accompanied him, and witnessed a literary evening in that splendid mansion. But it was not to be, and so we departed—Coleridge seeming gratified with the many attentions which had been shown, and myself delighted at having had the opportunity of meeting many of whom I had previously heard so much. Long, very long, will the events of that morning, ephemeral though they were, be classed amongst *my* "Pleasures of Memory."

From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.

MR. WISE AND THE SLAVER.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

If the above quotation is not correct, Mr. Editor, please make it so. Taking it as it stands, I suppose I must call the following sketch a dream, as I have long ranked myself among the old men. It may come true; there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent it. The premises are facts, and the conclusion is likely to follow as a natural consequence.

The scene lies about half a day's sail from the coast of Cuba. Day is just dawning upon the deck of one of our frigates, returning from the Brazilian station, and upon the wide waste of waters, gently undulating beneath the mild trade-wind. On board the ship is the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, our late minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Brazil. He has been recalled by his Government a little sooner than he wished; for he has not *quite* given the death-blow to the African Slave-Trade, and is anxious to signalize himself, ere he returns to his beloved country, by the capture of at least one slaver under American colors. He has just emerged from his state-room and bid good morning to the officer of the deck, when "sail ho," is called from the mast-head. "Where-away," shouted the officer. "Two points on our lee bow, Sir."

The ship's course was slightly altered, and as the sun rose, a handsome Baltimore-built brig was seen about three miles distant. The frigate rapidly came up with her, and through the spy glass it was easy to perceive that her deck was crowded with negroes. Mr. Wise in high glee called up the captain:

"Now," said he "is our chance. Run up the English colors, that fellow will be sure to run the American flag; he knows full well that John Bull dares not search a vessel over which *it* waves, whether she be a piratical vessel, a slaver, or what not. Let the fellow once show the stars and stripes and he is ours."

Everything worked as Mr. Wise wished; the slaver answered a gun from the frigate by running up the American flag, and saucily continuing her course: what cared she for a British man-of-war? The cross of Old England was then lowered, the stars and stripes took their place at the mast-head of the frigate, and another gun was fired. This manœuvre proved successful; the chase backed her topsail and lay to, as did the frigate also: Mr. Wise donned his official costume, and being determined to manage the whole matter himself, stepped into the boat with the lieutenant, and was soon along side the slaver. He mounted her side with great agility, leapt upon the deck, (now clear of negroes,) and placing himself in the attitude of one about to make a speech, with one hand pointing upward, addressed the Captain thus:

"Sir, if that flag (to me on this broad ocean the sacred personification of a patriot's hopes and a patriot's home) were trailing in the dust of defeat, in glorious war, I could weep over it, and love it, and honor it still; but to see it lift its folds, like the bold countenance of a bad woman, over a traffic at once infamous and horrid, is shockingly revolting, and enough to turn its white into red, with shame."*

The Captain looked first at Mr. Wise, then up at his flag, and then at Mr. Wise again: "Sacred personification!" quoth he: "well I never! You ought to be made Professor of Poetry in the University of Virginny. And as for the traffic in niggers, I never heard tell of its being infamous and horrid, before, and I have carried it on all my life."

"Wretch!" retorted Mr. Wise, "you shall swing for this: you are caught at last. Do you know who I am?"

"No, nor don't care."

Mr. Wise's face turned as red as the American flag ought to have done: "Well, then, I'll let you know; I am the great slave-trade-exterminator, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia."

"Wise, or not, in my opinion you are making a great fool of yourself. I sailed from Old Virginny only a fortnight ago, and no one there thought the trade in niggers so 'shockingly revolting' as you seem to fancy it; else, how did I manage to load my vessel at Norfolk?"

Mr. Wise here looked as streaked as the flag at the mast-head continued to do. "What," said he, rather faintly, "are you from Norfolk, and bound to New-Orleans."

"To be sure I am, I was driven out of my course by a storm," said the Captain.

"O-o-o-o-h" drawled Mr. Wise, "that alters the case." And turning to the lieutenant, and regaining his confidence, he continued: "Here, Sir, you have a beautiful exemplification of the 'vast difference,' which exists 'betwixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.' Tweedle-dum would have hung this man, tweedle-dee sends him on his way rejoicing. Tweedle-dum would have turned the white of that flag into red, with shame, and sent the stars aloft in disgust; tweedle-dee only makes it wave the more proudly, the 'sacred personification' of 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.' Captain I ask your pardon. I honor you, and will do all in my power to protect you in your lawful commerce. I *wondered* why that flag didn't turn red; the mystery is now explained."

"Don't make any apologies," said the Captain, "none are needed. Had I been from Africa, I should have *deserved* to be hung; but as you say, trading in Virginny niggers is a different sort of a thing. Why, it must be all right, for here's my friend Parson Snoggs has got a dozen niggers on board, himself. He had a 'loud call' from Louisiana, which he felt constrained to accept, and having bought these darkies of some of his parishioners, he is taking them out to stock a small plantation with. The law says that Virginny niggers are merchandise, and what the law makes merchandise is merchandise."

"To be sure," replied Mr. Wise, "but to trade in *African* negroes is piracy; you see the two trades are entirely opposed to each other, and let me tell you, Captain, as one increases the other must decline,—we Virginians must look to that. Every negro carried from Africa into Brazil, Porto Rico, or Cuba, helps to swell the amount of sugar produced in those countries, and consequently to lower its price in the markets of the world. The result of this is to lessen the profits of the Louisiana sugar planters, and consequently to diminish the demand for slaves. In such a state of things, the slave-breeding States must either keep their negroes at home, or sell them for a mere song. The latter they would not do, and the keeping them at home would soon lead to the abolition of Slavery in all the Northern slave States. You see, Sir, we *must* put down the African Slave-Trade."

The visiters were here invited to partake of a collation, under the awning which covered the quarter deck; never did persons appear better satisfied with each other. The parson asked a blessing and made a short prayer, in which he alluded to the African Slave-Trade in such pathetic terms as drew tears from all present. The Captain toasted Mr. Wise, as "the African Slave-Trade exterminator." This brought up that distinguished gentleman, who made a long oration upon liberty and equality, several times apostrophising the "sacred personification," and closing with, "Success to the American Slave-Trade!" This was received with "three times three." Several toasts equally patriotic, followed, and soon after Mr. Wise prepared to take leave. But just as he was stepping over the rail, a voice from the main hatchway was heard to call out, "Massa Wise, Massa Wise!"

Mr. Wise, recognized the voice at once, stepped down upon the deck again, and caused the speaker to be brought before him. He proved to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Wise—the slave of his next door neighbor. The wife and children of this man belonged to Mr. Wise himself.

"Why, Tom, how came you here?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Massa say he want de money; I ask him to wait till Massa Wise come home; he say, no, and so here I am. Gorramorry! Massa Wise, do take me back to Sally and my little niggers."

"Captain," said Mr. Wise, "let Tom go with me; I will write you an obligation to secure you from damage." Mr. Wise's eye glistened as he spoke. The obligation was written, and Tom went with Mr. Wise on board the frigate. He did not load the boat down with his baggage, and his own heart felt so light that his body seemed to him of no weight at all. The two vessels filled away again, and continued on their voyages. Mr. Wise was a thoughtful man throughout all that day. He walked at least ten miles on the quarter deck of the frigate, spoke scarcely a word to any one, and when he retired at night to his state room, it was a long while before sleep visited his eyelids. As he turned himself for the last time previous to falling asleep, he muttered to himself, as the conclusion to which he had arrived after a day of severe cogitation. "D—n it! I verily believe, if I had been raised in New England, I should have been as red-hot an Abolitionist as Garrison himself."

He never spoke a truer word in his life.

VATTEL.

* See Mr. Wise's late correspondence on the Slave-Trade.

PROSPECTS OF GENERAL PEACE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

During a recent debate in Parliament, Lord Palmerston, in his attack on the Slave-Trade negotiation now going on between the Duc de Broglie, and Dr. Lushington, accused Sir Robert Peel of having made dishonorable concessions to France. The right honorable baronet, in repelling the charge, enunciated principles which must afford great gratification to the friends of peace. He avowed his predilections for a pacific policy, and announced his determination to pursue that policy as long as he could do so without compromising the honor, or sacrificing the interests of the country. It is pleasing to find that the leading powers of Europe are not only avowing, but acting on the same pacific principle. Guizot is emphatically the minister of peace. Louis Phillippe is the monarch of peace. He estimates the blessings of peace at so high a value, that from his language it might be supposed that he would sooner lose his crown, than become a party to another European war.

There is therefore every ground to believe that the peace of Europe will be long preserved. The political sky wears a pacific aspect. We are mistaken, indeed, if the days of European war be not over. Apart from mere feeling on the subject, the nations are at length opening their eyes to the folly and miseries of war. What was ever gained by it? What European country can be named that has ever been benefited by hostilities with another country? What country, on the contrary, ever engaged in a war that was not a loser by it,—a loser in treasure, as well as in the lives of its subjects? Even the victorious power is often all but ruined by its triumphs. Look at England. We vanquished Napoleon; but what was the price at which our victories were purchased? The answer is to be found in the present overtaxed condition of the people. Our triumphs were purchased at the cost of £600,000,000. We are suffering for our victories now. Nor will the pernicious consequences of our wars and our victories be confined to ourselves. They will outlive us for many a long year; our descendants for ages to come will have to smart severely for the folly.

ENORMOUS LEVIES OF SOLDIERS.—In the spring of 1793, the French Convention levied 300,000 men, and early in August, 1,200,000 more; in all, 1,500,000, in less than six months, from a population of some 26,000,000;—about one in seventeen, or one soldier to every third family! How long would it take such a process to exhaust a country both of its men and of its property?—*E. Burritt.*

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214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

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October 17. ROSWELL GOSS.

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(Second Edition.)

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We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS, }
Northampton, April 14, 1844. }

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Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

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